

WITH THIS ISSUE, No. 285, IS GIVEN, FREE, A SUPPLEMENT ILLUSTRATING THE LAST ROUND OF EACH OF TOM SAYERS' BATTLES.

THE NATION'S

POLICE GAZETTE

THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Henry W. Tracy.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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FLIRTATION'S LAST STAGE.

A REVELATION OF ONE OF THE BROADWAY STAGES IN BROAD DAY FURNISHES A MORAL LESSON BUT COVERS A DEMURE APPEARING DAMSEL WITH BLUSHES IN SIGHT OF HER AUNT AND THE GRINNING PUBLIC.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Prop'r "Police Gazette."

DON'T MISS IT.

When this number of the **POLICE GAZETTE** is delivered to you see that you get the mammoth supplement, 33x40 in. in size, that accompanies it. It is a magnificent illustration of the prominent ring episodes in the pugilistic career of the champion, Tom Sayers.

Be sure your news agent gives you the supplement free with this number.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.

WHAT do you think of our free gift supplement, given away with this number?

THE parsons of three States think the **POLICE GAZETTE** shouldn't be allowed to circulate among their congregations. Oh, my! Well, we guess yes.

ARTFUL Salmi! What a tremendous "ad" he is getting out of the religious snarlers for his play on the road! That's his racket, and he has fooled the whole lot of them most completely.

WE get no more sermons from the bum moral press of Texas. Is the wind all knocked out of them too, since we won our grand victory in our Marquis of Queensberry legal bout with the legislature of that state?

THEATRICAL scandals are bristling in New York in greater number than ever, and some of the doings of the prominent people that are whispered about the greenrooms and the Square are simply awful.

How important the **POLICE GAZETTE** has grown! Here we are occupying the time of the Legislatures of three States, while in three others they are taking official notice of our enormous circulation. Nothing succeeds like success, we know; but the suddenness with which we have grown great startles even us.

OLD man Bergh has crawled right into his shell. We hear nothing of him now. Perhaps he has concluded to take our advice, "make a fool of himself nowhere but in his own house" hereafter. If that be true then it did him some good to have the **POLICE GAZETTE** stand him on his head, ridiculous though the position was.

NOBODY'S knowledge of Metropolitan life is complete unless it includes an insight into the existence of that female element which we hear of so much and know so little about. What "The Female Sports of New York," commencing in No. 287 of the **POLICE GAZETTE**, don't tell about the sirens of the Metropolis will not be found worth knowing.

It is rumored that Levy, the cornet man, and Osmond Tearle, the leading man of Wallack's, are likely to have a duel or a "run in," or something of that sort shortly. It's all about a lady. The wicked gossips of the theatres do say Levy has blood in his eye because his "darling Minnie" is inclined to award the British "fake" a smile or two and a passing commendation as a "real sweet fellow." Talk about your morality, Mr. Edson, why don't you put your police on Tearle and Levy and Minnie and stop the exhibition they are making? Its tendency is really to make people think that not only the dramatic but also the horn-blowing profession is wicked. If the public can't stand Mace and Slade for fear of moral deterioration, how can they stomach Tearle and Levy and their goings on? We pause for a reply.

WITH this number of the **POLICE GAZETTE** we give away the long-promised supplement illustrating one round from each of Tom Sayers' ring fights, with an accurate portrait of the famous champion. It will be found of great interest to all admirers of sport of both the new and the old generation, and may be framed and preserved as a record of some of the most notable encounters that ever occurred in the ring.

How terribly jealous these religious hypocrites are, and how they hate the **POLICE GAZETTE**. They can't conceal it any longer. They come out all around the circle in sneaking warfare against us. What a terrible shaking up we must have given them. How severely our blows must have told. Even we had no idea we were doing them so much damage. If they will only come out and fight squarely that's all we ask. We reiterate our promise to do them up completely in that event.

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." That's what's the matter with the parsons all over the country whom we have found out in their lechery and exposed in our columns. They are combining and using all the powers of their bigotry to keep the **POLICE GAZETTE** out of their respective States. They are butting their heads against the roughest and most solid kind of a stone wall. We stand within the law and defiantly claim and will have our rights. We publish nothing but the truth about the parsons and we're going to keep on publishing it. We know what is our journalistic privilege and we're going to have our full measure. We have the pluck to fight for our rights, the money to back us in our struggle, and the courage and liberality to use both freely. Now, then—down us if you can—sit on us if you dare.

ALL around us interest in the prize ring is booming in spite of the persecutions of the Holy Joe faction. The last surprise in this line comes from Philadelphia, where two rival Chinese laundymen have had a rattling mill according to Melican Man and Marquis of Queensberry principles, after due training and instruction in the manly art. We will make the pistol and knife obsolete weapons before we go much farther in our reform, and we even hope to, at some future day, so far improve the parsons that they will come to the front and give injured husbands satisfaction with the hard gloves instead of hiding behind the skirts of the soiled sisters. If Beecher and Tilton had their battle to fight over again we have no doubt they would prefer to put up a stake with us and go into a room to fight it out with or without the mittens, to submitting to the expense and the exposures of a court of law. We've got the "heathen Chinese" into the fold, and now we're going right along to gather all the world in. Even the sneaking hypocrites who misjudge us will have to acknowledge in due time what a philanthropic chap, what a truly benevolent (if not truly good) reformer we are. We're all that, and more, and our works are bound to prove it.

WE are coming to a pretty condition in New York. The moral hypocrites, intent on forcing every one to believe in only such morality and such holiness as they prescribe, have got the whip hand of an ignorant body of politicians, including Mayor Edson, and have only to express an arbitrary wish to have it executed by the police. For instance, the other evening Salmi Morse attempted to give a private rehearsal of the Passion Play for a few friends, but the police came on the scene and forbade his entertainment. Now the question arises, what right had they to interfere any more than they have to burst into the parlor of a gentleman's private residence and forbid him giving an entertainment of private theatricals of any sort to his friends? These people are carrying things with a high hand, indeed, when they go so far as this. One thing is sure, however—they are creating general sympathy for Morse, and we join the great majority of sensible people in the wish that he may put his Passion Play on the stage in spite of the illiberal packs of yelping hounds who will allow no one to live except within the limits of their sweet will. This arrogant church-going mob needs to be sat down upon, and the public is getting that notion into its no 'dle pretty generally. They have gone too far already—farther, indeed, than any feeble minority should be allowed to go in oppressing the rest of the world. If these fellows are on the road to heaven, why must they go out of their way to lug Salmi and the rest of us along? We don't want to go; we couldn't live peaceably with them in any sort of a heaven—we'd proceed to make it a hell of a place at once. We've all said this before. Why don't they pursue their dismal route to their dreary heaven and leave us alone? If they don't we'll only lose our patience with them and make serious trouble that may interfere with the growth of their wings—that's all. It's a wonder they do not drop to themselves and take a warning that is given them so often and so earnestly.

If you want to be a great man in these piping times of peace you must predict blizzards and then have influence with the clerk of the weather to make them come on time. There are several who seem to possess this power, but strangely enough they are not of the religious sects that pretend to be on the most intimate terms with Providence. No; it's always the wicked who do these things—which would lead to the suspicion that the devil manages these storms and things in Nature if we were willing to grant that old Satan has that power.

ON the 22d of December Mrs. Rodenstein left her home in Kingston, Canada, and started for New York, walking all the way and arriving at her destination on Feb. 15. She is crazy, but outwitted all the detectives of Canada and New York State, who were on her track the day after her departure. It strikes us that the detective of the story book, or the stage, is quite a different creature from the Hawkshaw of real life. The former is represented as a hero—the latter is trying very hard to prove himself a "chump."

OUR religious editor has been kept unusually busy this week in dealing with the deviltries of the godly. He has laid out a fine banquet of salacious saintliness for the digestion of the believing and unbelieving readers of the **POLICE GAZETTE**. The best of it is that all we publish is true. We do not deal in romance, and if the parsons and churchmen generally object to the attention we give to zig-zag clerical doings, they are confronted by our knock-down argument that we tell the truth to shame the devil—which they cannot deny is a high and holy policy—in fact a regular orthodox plan; for there can be nothing more religious than to give old Satan a thumping, and if the parsons don't wish to share the blows we deal out they shouldn't masquerade in the devil's livery on the sly.

THE parsons are sermonizing on poor Charley Thorne's death. He died despising them and their hypocrisy—bravely independent of them, and they are so mad about it that they feel inclined to throw mud at him. The actor in his lack of faith, and all unprepared, went boldly, even gallily, into the black shadows of the other world. But they who profess to be prepared for the future state by a lifetime of worldly purification and oppression of all who do not think as they do—how eagerly do they turn to the arms of the dark angel? Don't they squirm and whine and wriggle and try to escape at the last moment? Where is one of them who can sink more peacefully to his last sleep than did the vilified actor? The churlish parsons who snarl at him had better emulate his fortitude and courage in answering the prompter's call for "the last sad scene of all" instead of further proving their meanness and the weakness of their theories by pointing the finger of religious scorn at the living who carried out his wishes.

AND the cry is still they come. Here is a precious ignoramus, another Jack-in-the-box, one Representative Davis, of Haddam, Conn., popping up with a little bill to prevent the sale of the **POLICE GAZETTE** in his State. The ass! Does he think he can dam Niagara by thrusting his cloven hoof before the waters? Does he want to be drowned and swept ingloriously away, too, in a series of ridiculous attitudes like all who have tried it before him? If he be wise he will keep out of the path of the **POLICE GAZETTE**. We are too much for him. His little brain may not be able to appreciate how—but we are, and he'd better stand aside or he'll get hurt. We're losing patience with these snarling hypocrites and boot-lickers to the parsons like Davis, and we'll do them some damage by legal means if they don't look out. We don't propose that any ass of the Davis species who chooses to bray in a holy key shall have the privilege to libel us at his pleasure. We keep within the law and we'll make him do likewise. Make him—that's the word—if the law have any efficacy. This talk about the **POLICE GAZETTE** being obscene must stop within the limits of the law. If this paper is obscene, as charged so glibly, the law should take it in hand and administer punishment. We'll put this Davis thing to some trouble, possibly, if we get mad, and exercise his little brain considerably by dragging him, "will he nill he," into court to prove his wild assertions. We deal in only news, facts and real events, either pictorially or editorially, and we know the strength of our position. These Chinese warriors of the moral mob are not going to scare us by beating gongs and drowning argument with their fanatical din. We'll be with them every time, and every time we'll give them considerably better than they send. One thing is certain: this lying-pretense that we are violating the law must stop, or our detractors must be put to the proof, and failing to make good their assertions must pay the damage. This will turn the tables, we think, and show them what delicate ground they stand on—Davis and the whole caboodle of sneaks.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Allegory, Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

Boots are like men—No good when they are tight.
CHINAMEN don't rock the cradle; they make the sky rocket.

THERE are many good sewing machines, yet some of them don't seam right.

THE young man who went off like a shot probably found too much powder on the girl's cheek.

MISFORTUNES never come singly. The great flood and Mrs. Langtry struck Cincinnati on the same day.

A HOTEL man may be ever such a liar and fraud, yet if he sets a good table, we can put up with him.

GERMAN girls cultivate their hair for sale. It is sent to this country and used in adulterating hash.

THE moon is much like a man. When it is full it hasn't a quarter; when they have a quarter they are not full.

At least three men on the average jury feel bound to disagree with the rest to show that they've got minds of their own.

INNOCENCE is very much like a bill of a large deamination,—you often hear of its being lost but never of its being found.

WHEN a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON thinks girls should play billiards. There's a good deal of "kissing" in billiards. Cady was once a girl herself.

IN a discussion with a temperance lecturer a toper asked: "If water rots your boots, what effect must it have on the coats of your stomach?"

A BALD-HEADED man, who has heard that the hairs on a man's head are numbered, wants to know if there is not some place where he can obtain back numbers.

WHEN Pat was sent to the lobster pot to see if there was anything in it, he said, upon returning: "There was no ripe ones, sorr: there was only grane ones, and so I tossed them all over-board."

A FASHIONABLE lady in boasting of her new "palatial residence," said the windows were all of stained glass. "That's too bad!" cried her mother; "but won't soap and turpentine take the stains out?"

"STUDENT" wants to know what kind of a bird was the dodo. From the fact that the species is entirely extinct, we suppose it was the fabled spring chicken, of which we still hear so often and see so never.

"How interesting these men of letters are, Susan!" "Do you think so?" replied Susan. "Now, I think the letters of men are much more interesting." At the same time holding up a dainty-looking epistle she had received from "somebody."

A CONDUCTOR carelessly carried his bell-punch home and allowed his children to play with it. The next day the company informed him that he was \$900,000 fares short. He has offered to leave them, the children, in pawn until he made up the money.

JUDGE TOURGEE is delivering a lecture on "A Family of Fools." We haven't heard it, but presume he refers to the girl who kindled a fire with kerosene, the boy who "didn't know it was loaded," and the man who asks: "Is it cold enough for you?"

AN African traveler gives a thrilling account of a "vegetable vampire"—a tree which envelops a person with its branches and strangles him to death. The nearest approach we have in this country to a vegetable vampire is the "dead beat," who also lives upon others.

AN Englishman shooting small game in Germany said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah!" said the host, "you like danger mit your sport. Then you go out shooting mit me." The last time I shoot mine bruder-in-law in the schtomack."

"AND so I gave up hunting for him, for it was as hopeless as looking for a needle in a bundle of hay." "Then you shouldn't have, for there is nothing easier." "Nothing easier than what?" "Than finding a needle in a bundle of hay." "Nonsense! How do you find it?" "Sit down on the bundle of hay."

A MAGAZINE writer has recently published a long article about "women's noses." The best thing we know about a woman's nose is a mustache. The best kind is a pale brown, and waxed at the ends. For sample, and instruction in best method of application, apply at this office, after business hours.

"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Beaumbe to little Tommy Samuelson. "Yes ma'am, two of 'em." "What are you going to call them?" "Thunder and Lightning." "Why, those are strange names to call children." "Well, that's what pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."

"PA," said four-year-old Harry, "I wish Mr. Hawkins was here now, and would kiss ma on the mouth!" "What!" said the astonished parent, "why do you wish that?" "Well, when Mr. Hawkins kissed ma, this morning, before you came in, she said if you were there there would be a circus, and I do so want to see a circus." He saw one.

DR. HALL says it is very unhealthy to live on the ground floor of a house. Doctor's right. A fellow's creditors can climb in on him with so little trouble. And then he loses all the joyous recreation of peeping out of an upper window to watch a wretched collector stand on the stoop and pull the bell handle half way across the street, repeating the action until the bell falls down or the handle puffs off.

"JUSTICE, your Honor!" exclaimed a legal comet in one of his eccentric perorations, "Is not like the fabulous Brarions of old, whose eyes were as multiple as the sands of the sea, nor yet like the famed Cyclops whose vision perforated only the arena of the coming futurity, but like the sportive demonstration of 'blind man's buff.' She pursues her way unseeing and unseen, holding the steelyards that weigh with coeval vicissitude the carats of gold and the carrots of horticulture, and knowing no North, no South, no East, no West!"

STAGE WHISPERS.

The Last Great Outgush of Spicy
Dramatic Scandal.The Tainted Morals of the "Perfesh"
Making a Show in Court as
Well as Greenroom.

SAMMY OF THE ENTRAILS has gone all to pieces. We knew disaster would come on him and when he got a tumble we knew it would be a heavy one. It is—and old Entrails is lying all around—all broke up.

PIMPLES, as an attraction for the butterflies of the stage, is a failure. He lacks brilliancy. The three little specks in the puscavity of the Eighth Avenue palace during February have been merely vulgar orgies of fifth rate people. Better go back to Paris, Pimples, and take Boils, Cancer and Abscess with you for a little schooling. They know how to do these things there and you have it all to learn yet.

OLD Slime got badly left in the "Heart and Hand" production. McCaul got it out first at the Bijou and accompanied its production with a piquant bit of scandal that forestalls all the possible efforts of the nasty old man in that line at the Standard. Henderson had better pack his traps, tie him to Long Branch and leave Slime to his fate, for the money making season is ended at his theatre. Old Slime cleans fish as well as ever but he can't catch 'em any more. The suckers won't bite for Slime.

WHILE the howling moralists of the profession are at their work why don't they shriek a little over the case of poor Levy, and tell us how he came to lose his wife. If it is wrong for De Belleville to "shake" his wife, isn't it equally wrong for Minnie to shake her husband? And while they are on this question of scandal let them tell us who is responsible for this last scandal and marital disruption. Isn't it an actor? These precious hypocrites make all the blackness in their own precious profession and then howl because people in the outer world begin to discover that the blackness is there. Poor Levy! He talks pistols but uses none, though if rumor be correct he has a fair mark.

THEY'RE AT IT all around, these actors and managers. Even in the height of their howl against the POLICE GAZETTE for saying they are naughty, the courts in New York are encumbered with their nasty divorce cases. And these, remark, are only the cases that are found out. Imagine what a precious mess there is undiscovered beneath the mask of this wanton Thespis. Three divorce suits of wives against their actor and manager husbands in one week are stirring up the surprise of the verdant public. The POLICE GAZETTE is in the tip-top position of justification. It is ahead of the news—the prophet instead of the chronicler of the events. All it can do now is triumphantly point to its back files with the remark, "Didn't we tell you so?"

ABBEY is really going to take over to London next season a lot of the played out American stars, such as Mary Anderson, Lawrence Barrett and Magie Mitchell. Tough on poor London but joyous for America. We have been patient and long suffering, but now we are going to receive our reward. We're going to get rid of the perpetual nightmare of these attractions. We'll bet, though, that Ham. Griffin will come back sick (even a worse invalid than John McCullough was) and Paddock will wish he had ventured "Fanchon" once more over the wild cat circuits of the west in preference to taking the field in England. The three stars named are the most arrogant in the whole profession—the very biggest hogs. They think the whole dramatic field belongs to them. They are all in league and think if there is any "padding" in the profession they must have a back at it. This generally ends in their taking it all or in their spilling it for the rest. Of course when there was found to be an opening in London for American actors this precious plotting trio, the Long Branch conspirators, must have the first show and attempt to get the cream. A pretty opinion England will form of American actors from these respectively crude, antiquated and egotistic specimens. Abbey always depends on luck rather than brains for his successes, but in this case he has mortgaged his lucky star for more than double its value, we think.

OSCAR WILDE, having written a Russian drama entitled "Vera," Marie Prescott has laid violent hands on it and intends to start out starring in it next season. That Oscar takes advice in matters of taste and dramatic policy from women is apparent from the fact that he has written only one female character in this play. This is getting it down pretty fine indeed. It is always the complaint of the star actress that the dramatist in giving character to the other female parts detracts from her own prominence. She is always and always has been jealous of every other woman in the play and selfishly appropriates to her own role every telling line in the other women's parts. This fashion of stripping the other women until they become mere skeletons, the next step was to bury the hideous things altogether. This the dainty Oscar has done. In "Vera" only Miss Prescott survives and we predict that after the piece has been played only one season she will still survive the play. This arrangement may be very pleasant for Marie. There will be no other woman in the company to raise scandal or to share the applause, and life in that band of strolling players will be a bear approach to beatitude, but the public may not like it. They may demand more petticoats than Miss Prescott's for their money. In that event, though, we suggest it will be the easiest matter in the world to change the sex of two or three of the parts. The men of the dramatic personae will do just as well as women—after you've got to do it to put them in petticoats instead of trousers. That's the virtue of the elastic gender drama invented by Oscar.

A VENTURESOME American correspondent of a London dramatic paper so far forgot himself as to write the broad, unvarnished truth just once, in the POLICE GAZETTE style, regarding the English phase of opera and drama in New York, and has been promptly discharged for it. He said that D'Oyley Carte has been paying his chorus girls such low salaries that they have resisted temptations to make up the balance necessary to ensure them a series of square meals through the week, by immoral practices. Only D'Oyley and the money-clutching Lenox woman

think this is "perfectly awful" such an impolite exposure—"quite unworthy of any respectable journalist." What do they think respectability in journalism consists in? In the winking of evil practices on the part of remorseless blood-suckers, who think it perfectly proper that the figurantes and minor artists of the stage should swell the managerial profits by taking quarter salaries and luring Lothario to the stage door to get the rest out of him? If it is genteel journalism to wink at and aid all these things we confess we have no genteel journalists engaged on the staff of the POLICE GAZETTE. Our crowd is of a different sort. It is exacted of them that they possess first of all the inherent instincts of the gentleman who is above living on the degradation of women even ever so indirectly. The journalist who masks these iniquities of the manager for the sake of being called polite and "genteel" is only one remove from the pimp who lives by exacting contributions from the obscene earnings of his inamorata. They who journalistically cover up these dirty deeds of managers, in order to "perpetuate the drama," are perpetuating filth, glorifying rottenness and gliding a frightful sore. We are none such, and we want it distinctly understood. Hence we go for every evil of this kind that we detect, often hitting, it is true, the heads of those who have professed personal friendship, but still reckless of consequences in a case where we are so sure we are right. That's what's the matter with us if you want to know very bad.

THE hypocrisy of the "fakes" of the drama, as well as of the managers and its defenders, either in the press or in the public bar rooms, is gigantic. With what matter of fact air they gloss over some notoriously filthy case is astonishing for the pure cheek of it. This rotten dramatic profession is not conducted in its pretences on logical ground, however. Its would-be defenders do not frame its alleged virtues into defensive syllogisms. They prefer to make arbitrary assertions that black is white and foulness purity, and manifest their surprise that the world will not promptly give them implicit belief. The inconsistency of the talkers-up of the filth of the "perfesh" is also remarkable. Lately they have "dropped" to the fact that their course was too thin in claiming unsullied purity for everything dramatic. They have found a scapegoat in De Belleville, the leading man of the Union Square Theatre. He undertook to throw off a lady whom he had been introducing to everyone as his wife for a year or two, and marry another—a fairy of the German comic opera chorus. No term of opprobrium is too coarse or too violent to be used against De Belleville by his brother professionals. The whole moral "perfesh" rises up against him and raises the devil's own hullabaloo. Actors who are living on the contributions of the rich society mashes they have made over the footlights, actresses who change their husbands every season with the facility and eagerness that they change their costumes—all these join in the hue and cry against De Belleville. What a stall! What a grand guy! What a stand off of the public! It is the devil masked in soiled angel robes howling out that he has discovered a cloven hoof in one of De Belleville's polished French boots. These model imitation saints take the alleged "injured wife" and make her an angel, too, after their peculiar style of make up, and take her to the Elks hall and pose her not only there but all around the Square as the representative genius of stage purity. Poor De Belleville, how they do go for him! If all that is said of him is true he has only conformed to the social and domestic rules of the "perfesh" and has been a great deal cleaner in it than have been his detractors. There is not one of the mob who is throwing stones at him but lives in a glass house that would be shattered by the first pebble thrown by an honest hand. De Belleville has been prejudged, hasn't been given a chance for his life. All the vile "fakes" and the dirty "daisies" of the drama have jumped on him and are dancing a moral can on the unfortunate actor's diaphragm. We prefer to take the side of the under dog in such a fight as this. We demand fair play for De Belleville. Let him up, you dirty, inconsistent mob, and give him a chance to fight for himself. The POLICE GAZETTE believes in fair play and will insist on it for this actor who has been so vilely treated by the thugs of his dirty profession.

THE hotel keepers and railroad men all over the country have contributed greatly in disgusting managers with the traveling system of dramatics. The keepers of the most dismal caravansaries throughout the land have raised the ante at a great rate during the past two seasons. The Boniface used to accept the dramatic company eagerly at a dollar a head per day and even in Philadelphia we have known the Mansion House in Arch street, near the theatre, to take in the actors at eighty-five cents and glad to get them. Now, the meanest, dirtiest "beanery" in the land taxes the players two dollars a head. That is the lowest figure, while in many places—say Milwaukee and farther west, they take advantage and run it up to three and three and a half a day. And then they put the actors on the top floors or anywhere they can be disposed, and give them nothing but incivility. Once when Boniface found it to his interest to attract the players to his house he made it a rule to have a special supper spread in the dining room at midnight for the weary and hungry players. The actor of parts does not eat heartily before going on the stage, for a laden stomach makes a heavy brain and a lack lustre wit in any domain of art or literature. Art is a starveling that shines best with the consuming fires of hunger as is well known. Hence the ambitious actor prefers to feed after his aesthetic effort is over. But for two seasons the pudgy and purely animal host has cut off the midnight supper and when the Thespian raises the house for his feed in the small hours, he is confronted by the porters, who "fire him out." For two seasons the actor has been robbed, starved and abused by the landlord and his henchmen. Now he is going to abandon the field of travel in disgust. We'll bet the arrogant hotel man will feel his loss, and if he try a little of the starving himself it will be only poetic justice. In the good time coming the actor, no longer a wanderer, snugly ensconced in the "stock," with salary sure, and with the comforts of a settled home about him, and his Lares and Penates regnant as beneficently as those of other people, may look on gleefully at the sufferings of those dead sure mendicants of the future, the hotel-keeping tyrants of the present. And the poor actor will not weep in that good time aforesaid if the railroad men suffer a little, for they have cut down or cut off the theatrical rates altogether and the strolling players owe them no debt of gratitude. The railroad men never fail to demand and obtain their dead head passes to the show in great numbers, in every town on the actor's route, but when disaster has befallen the "fake," there is not on record an instance where the railroad men have aided him,

or even encouraged him to avoid the dread alternative of a "walk back." The railroad men, one in all, great and small, as well as the hotel keepers, must be put down as enemies of the poor actor. The latter needs a home and a quiescent life. That is all coming—and then he will be free of his natural enemies enfranchised and invested with the dignity of a man. At present the Thespian—the very best of them even—are merely sublimated tramps, with their difference in quality and standing marked only by the varying force of the kicks and snubs the hotel keepers and railroad agents dare administer them respectively.

WE hear much gushy blather about the woes of the devoted actor or actress. They delight in representing to the verdant public the poetic horrors that frequently hedge in their situation. This sentimental rot has been embalmed in cold type frequently, too. The feuilletonists, expert in pathos, have trotted with the limpy, bunioned feet of their poetry all around and through the romantic "guff" of the actor who plays the comic part on the stage while he has "a little one dying at home," varying it with something about the coryphee's sick mother or the tragic queen's consumptive parent. In all these instances it is shown how gallantly the "perfesh" sacrifices its inner emotions to the exigencies of the mimic scene and to the service of the public. Founding our assertion on actual experience of this very slangy and unpoetic class, we declare the whole sentimentality of the "perfesh" nothing more nor less than bosh. If the poet shuffled his aforesaid bunioned feet through the mud of realism in earnest he would find himself reduced to the necessity of dwelling on the woes of the actress' husband who has been shut out of the box office and forbidden to draw her money to pay his rum and gambling debts—or the secret agonies of the artist who finds a forward bread and butter juvenile lady boldly mashing the artist's richest suckers right over the footlights in plain view of her. For genuine, truthful criticism of the "perfesh" of the give away sort, you must go to the orchestra members—the musicians, we mean, who furnish the *entr'acte* waltzes and the mysterious cue music every night. They are the philosophers who have got the stage and its creatures down fine. You may think they are blind to everything but their notes, but they have a keen eye to the glances and signals exchanged over their heads and from their lowly position can see much more of the "perfesh" than the public can at the first sight. And when it comes down to genuine sentiment and pathos the tooter or fluter or scraper or drummer or horn blower is more likely to experience it than the "fake," male or female, who flutters, a gaudy moth, around the footlights above his head. For instance, there's a flute payer of our acquaintance who has had a toothache for three weeks and yet must blow in agony through the most sentimental passages of "Iolanthe" or starve. Imagine his temptation to let out a shriek through his instrument and yet restrained constantly by the warning baton of the conductor to keep down to the soft, mellow sighs of tearful love. There's poetic agony for you. And then these musicians have sick children at home, too, and all the other metrical subjects that have been lugged into service by the rhymsters and paragraphers for the advertisement of the "perfesh." Yes, even the base fiddle man must scrape away to pay doctors' bills and the florid first violinist, whose nimble fingers and sensitive bow bring out the very spirit and essence of mirthful melody to preside over the dramatic scene, oft has woes knawing at his heart and the aroma of drugs and the sick room mingling with the incense he burns to art divine. When it comes to sentiment in a theatre it is more likely to find lodgment among the humble, unnoticed toilers of the orchestra than among the nymphs and queens and wicked sprites of the hollow dramatic scene. There is no hypocrisy about the orchestral musician's art, humble as it may be, and his inner romance is often more real and thrilling than that of the labored mimic scene which he aids and abets with his unappreciated talent. Come now, when poems are to be written let's have them about the base fiddle or the trombone or let up on the hollow and false mashes of the stage who have at best but a veneer of art and the merest modicum of brain. How we do like to "bust" the romance of these pretenders! If Mr. Mephistophelean, it is true—but then we delight in being considered a "devil of a fellow."

THE announcement that there is to be a return this season to the stock company policy in several New York theatres has made a great sensation in the profession and there is a grand rush for engagements. John Stetson and Jack Poole will have almost the entire profession to select from at their own terms, for everyone seems eager to settle down in the stock and give over the nomadic way of living that has demoralized the drama during the past eight or ten years. This reaction will be general after one season more and only about half a dozen really strong and worthy traveling combinations will survive. The managers of opera houses throughout the country will cease to be janitors, taking for their wages a small percentage of the receipts. They will have to learn the business of the regular theatre manager and provide themselves with stock companies. And here is where the grand trouble is going to begin. During the past decade, in which strolling players have filled the bill entirely, there has been no school for actors. A man or woman going on the stage had only one part to study and play and was elaborately coached in that for a month or two before going on the boards. One part a season has been the rule and every part was like every other in its main features, owing to the peculiar style of drama that came into vogue. An actress has had simply to learn how to drag a silken skirt across the stage and an actor how to gracefully twirl a cane or lean across the back of a chair in an ideal drawing-room of the alleged first society. When an attempt is made to put these people in some standard work—some romantic melodrama or something by Shakespeare in the comedy or tragedy line—you remark what a sorry figure these so called artists cut. Wallack's company, for instance, in the old comedies or in anything requiring "shape" dresses. And good Lord, what a mess the tragic "stars" make of it with their support! The fact is that genuine actors are scarce and when it comes to engaging a company to do the hard work of the stock, with a change of play only once a fortnight, the difficulties of the situation will become more salient than ever. The great trouble will be to find people who have the talent or the capability for the varied work of the stock. What is required in a stock actor or actress is quick, intelligent study, dramatic instinct, self-reliance, fertility of artistic resource, versatility of talent, ambition and application. The people on the stage at present are actors and actresses of one part, who can play but what they have been taught, who have no ideas of

their own stage fleet or character and who must be taught minutely all over again to parrot through their one role every time the bill is changed. A fine prospect, truly, for those prescient New York managers who, foreseeing the revulsion, are setting themselves in the van of the stage reform. With all the profession to choose from, we wager that Messrs. Stetson and Poole will find that stock actors are scarce and that they will have to pay the very top prices to persons competent to bear the weight of responsible positions in the companies they propose to put on the boards of the Fifth Avenue Theatre and Niblo's Garden to carry the next season through. They will hold the van in the retrogressive movement to the "good old times," these cunning managers, but their enterprise will have its annoyances and perplexities and losses in a measure that will quite counterbalance its honors. It will require five years of hard work to train actors to anything like efficiency for stock uses. The transition period of the drama is going to be awful. The muse had better gird her loins and tuck up her skirts, for she is going to "walk back" in the approved dramatic style and her way lies over a dreary desert, where she will stagger, hungry and athirst, full many a weary day.

The personalities and careers of those world renowned adventuresses who make New York their hunting ground will form the subject of the next literary sensation of the POLICE GAZETTE. Keep your eye skinned for "The Female Sports of New York," in No. 237.

A "CHEEKY" THIEF.

How He Cleaned Out the Chicago Hotels and Loaded
Up With Rich Plunder.

They caught in Chicago, on Feb. 7, Wm. Slade, one of the boldest and most successful hotel thieves in the country. At breakfast time on the date mentioned above he walked up to the clerk of the Sherman House and in his blandest manner asked for the key to room 200. The clerk handed it to him and he passed up. As he was passing along the hallway a door stood open. Within a girl was cleaning up. Excusing himself, he stepped in, took up an overcoat and satchel, charging the girl to fix the room nicely and walked away. The real guest returned to his room in a very few moments and discovered his loss. It was at once set down that the thief was the fellow who inquired for the key. The matter was given into the charge of the police.

The same afternoon Slade sauntered into the Sherman House again, marched up to the clerk's desk and asked for the key to room 200 in the same bland tones in which he had made the demand in the morning. He was recognized and detained until an officer arrived. He was borne away to the station, indignantly protesting his innocence, and even the officers were a little fearful lest they had made a blunder. At the station all doubts were, however, removed when in the prisoner's boot-leg was found a Colt's revolver. A number of pawn tickets were found, and a letter, which was concealed in his shoe, was directed to Wm. Slade, 15 South Sangamon street. Thither the officers hurried. A mine of wealth was opened up. In one valise were found 925 shares of stock, par value \$100, belonging to Marshall Jewell. A promissory note for \$1,500, by Thomas M. Nichol to Speaker Keifer, was also found. This property was all stolen a few days before from Mr. McIntosh, the Western Agent of Marshall Jewell. In another satchel were 64 passes in favor of the General Manager of the Wabash Road. These had been stolen from room 120 of the Grand Pacific Hotel a week before. A dress suit, stolen from room 120 of the same hotel was recovered, as were also two 100-mile passes in favor of A. L. Holman, over the P. C. & St. L. R. R. The detectives had been trying for a week to capture this fellow. He had been publishing personals offering to return the property. At one time he made an appointment at the Western Union Telegraph office. At another time he made an appointment at the Times office. The officers were on hand each time but he failed to put in an appearance.

AN OHIO SNAKE STORY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Thus early in the season West Carlisle, Ohio, comes to the front with a remarkable snake story which all the best people of the vicinity are ready to vouch for. Therefore we must give it some sort of credence. It has been alluded to before in these columns, so it is only necessary for us to sum up its details briefly. Close students of our printed wisdom will remember that the assertion is that on Feb. 4 John Simmons, a farmer, while out hunting near West Carlisle, was suddenly enwrapped in the coils of a monster snake of unknown species which darted at him from the stump of a tree. He cut the snake into pieces and thus freed himself, but not before he had been bitten. The snow was deep and the cold intense, but that did not interfere with the story, and indeed leads to the belief that it must be a very cold day indeed when an Ohio man gets left on a snake story. At any rate Simmons is all swelled up and the doctors, at last accounts, were treating him accordingly.

DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Talk about your omens. Here's one in a tragic event that if it had happened to an actor or in a theatre would have been eagerly seized by the too too good to diamond point their sermons and moral lectures. On the night of Feb. 6, at Fern, Ill., Rev. Geo. F. Bronson, pastor of the Congregational church of that city, was officiating at a brilliant marriage ceremony before all the notables in town. Just as he pronounced the young couple husband and wife he reeled and fell at their feet a corpse. None of the parsons have attempted to interpret this sign or draw a moral lesson from it, as is usual when Providence makes fatal "dispensations" all of a sudden in other walks of life than the clerical.

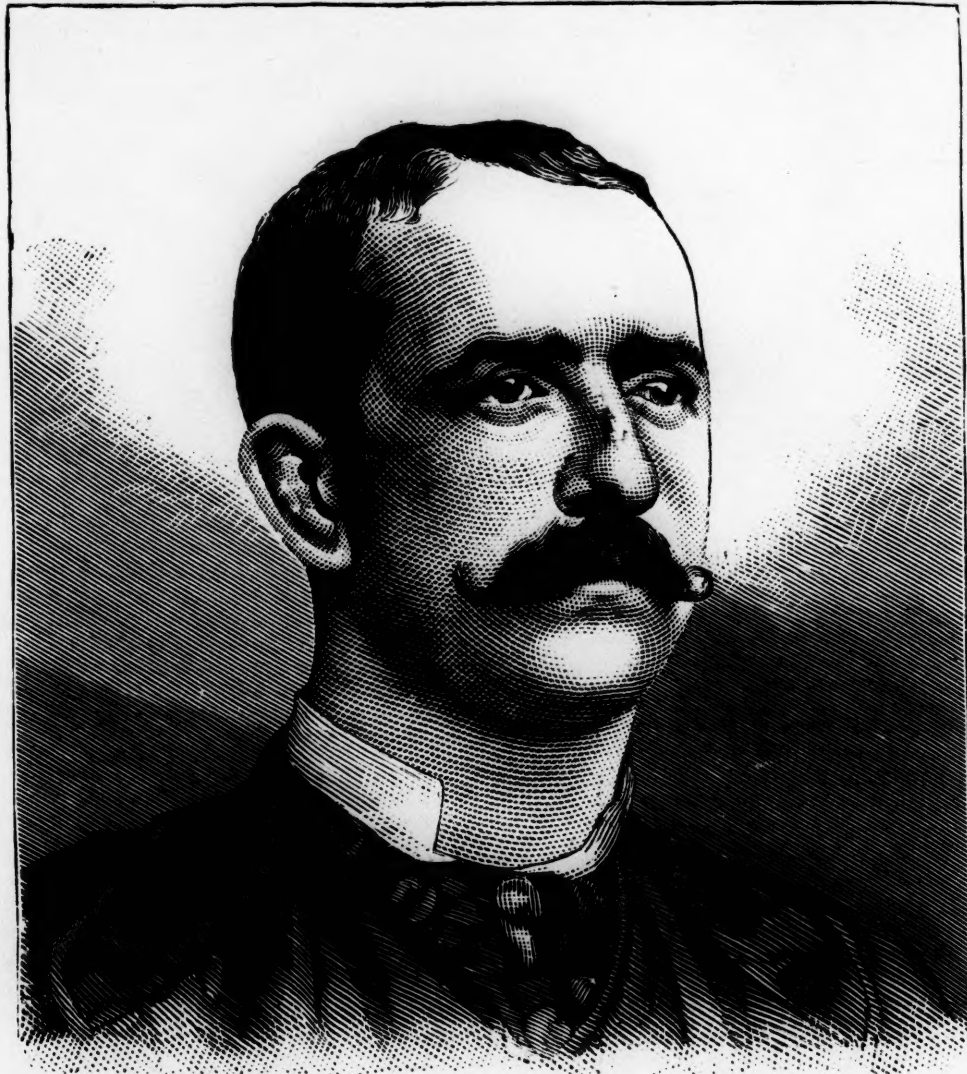
HE SAT ON HER.

They have a fine old Milesian pirate in St. Joseph, Mo. His name is Peter Ryan, and he distinguished himself on Feb. 10 by murdering his wife in a novel way. Ryan is a man of about sixty years, and his wife nearly the same age. He came home drunk and finding no fire in the stove a quarrel arose. The two live up stairs over a barber shop and those below heard a scuffle and cries above. Then all was still for a few minutes. Finally some of the barbers went up to see if anything had gone wrong, when they found Ryan sitting on his wife's head, which he had completely enveloped in bed clothing. They immediately pulled him off and removed the bed clothing from the woman's head, but life was extinct.



BILLY JORDAN,

A FAMOUS OLD-TIME PUGILIST.



JOHN H. CLARK,

THE ACCOMPLISHED LIGHT-WEIGHT BOXER.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

[Photo. by John Wood, POLICE GAZETTE Photographer.]

John H. Clark, the Noted Light-Weight Boxer.

John H. Clark was born in County Galway, Ireland, May 18, 1846. He arrived in America June 11, 1870. He stands 5 feet 6 1/4 inches in height, weighs about 150 pounds, but on the night previous to his battle with Arthur Chambers scaled 126 pounds. In his youth he had mastered the art of clog and jig dancing, and not long after his arrival was afforded an opportunity to show what he could do in that line on the stage of the Bowery Theatre. It was during the period that he was performing there that he was brought conspicuously before the public, by being the unfortunate youth who, while looking in the door of Matt's oyster-house, in the Bowery, received a bullet in the leg from a pistol fired by George McCloud and which was intended for Joe Coburn. After his recovery he began to frequent sparring exhibitions, making

1st, but the general opinion was that he was trained too fine. Clark is now proprietor of the Olympic Garden, corner of Eighth and Vine streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Gallant Fire Laddie.

The chief of the fire laddies of St. Louis, whose portrait we give in this issue, distinguished

himself several weeks since by administering a sound drubbing to a masher who presumed to follow and insult a young lady on the street. The affair made a great sensation at the time, and the chief was generally commended for his chivalrous conduct on the occasion. So deep was the feeling that the Merchant's Exchange gave expression to it on January 15 by formally presenting the chief a handsomely mounted and engraved horsewhip, typical of his achievement. The whip bears on its handle the following expressive lines:

"H. Clay Sexton, from Merchants' Exchange, St. Louis, January 16, 1883, and this inscription is made in honor of the services you have done for the honest and respectable women of St. Louis."

Chief Sexton was overcome by the ovation, and in answer to repeated calls mounted a chair and thanked the gentlemen for the



H. CLAY SEXTON,

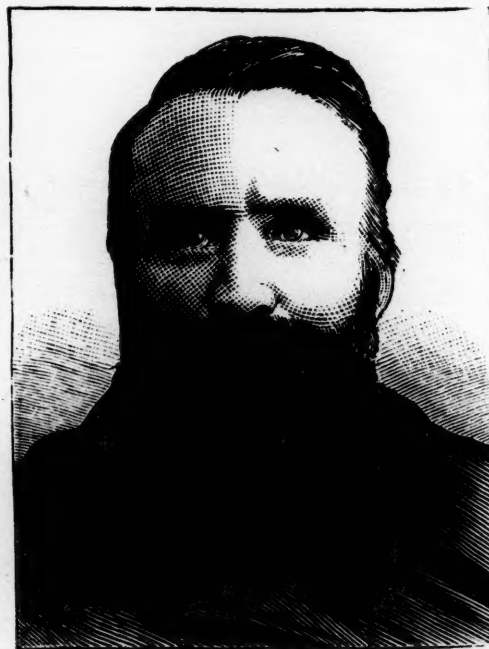
CHIEF OF THE ST. LOUIS FIRE DEPARTMENT;
FAMED FOR THRASHING A "MASHER."

his first appearance at "The Arbor" in West Houston street, on the occasion of somebody's benefit, and on Nov. 18, 1871, he gave an exhibition there himself. On Nov. 30 following he engaged in a glove contest there with Arthur Chambers, and, although he showed that his education in that line had not been neglected, he was not scientific enough for Arthur, who was awarded the victory after they had contested twelve rounds in forty minutes. Shortly after this Clark went to Philadelphia where he has resided ever since. He was then matched to fight Arthur Chambers for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship of America. The battle was fought in Canada, on March 27, 1879, and after a stubbornly contested fight Chambers won in 136 rounds, occupying two hours and twenty minutes. Clark in this fight showed that he was a thoroughly game pugil-



MAGGIE DUGGAN,

A PROMISING NEW SCHOOL SOUBRETTE OF THE LYRIC STAGE.



AARON G. ROSS,

THE GALLANT MESSENGER WHO DEFENDED HIS
CAR AGAINST ROBBERS AT MONTELO, NEV.

honor. He said he had spoiled his old whip on the masher, and that he would always be ready to repeat the dose whenever he saw any one insulting a woman. The citizens, some of them, had said that he was not fit for fighting fires, but he could fight scoundrels of the masher type and could make himself useful in that way. In conclusion he remarked that he was going to stick to the business and follow up the fellows who were in the habit of dogging ladies' footsteps and insulting them.

A TRAMP revenged himself on John Shaffer of Pana, Ill., on February 4, in a most fiendish manner. Shaffer's five-year-old boy was in the kitchen, in company with a hired man, and, according to the boy's story, the man held him over the stove and fung a flask of powder into the fire.

A Wrecked Funeral.

There was a new phase of horror reported from Long Island City on Feb. 21. On the afternoon of the day mentioned a team attached to a hearse en route for Calvary Cemetery took fright a short distance from the cemetery gates, and the vehicle was smashed to pieces. The coffin was thrown to the ground and broken, and the corpse tumbled in the dirt. The accident created much excitement and horror among those who were accompanying the remains to the grave.

A Fight Between Gamblers.

At Rock Spring, Ark., on Feb. 7, W. Lewis, W. Musgrove, Chris. Lyons and Pete Anderson were playing poker. Lewis claimed two dollars from Lyons and reached for his pile of chips to take it. Lyons grabbed his hand and Pete Anderson, who a few moments before had a dispute with Lewis about some checks, during which the latter drew his pistol, brought a chair down on Lewis' head. Lyons held Lewis' hands while Anderson kept beating him with the chair. Finally Lewis got loose, drew his pistol and started for the back door, but was so dazed with his beating that he could not find it. As he was fumbling for the latch Lyons and Anderson again jumped on him and began pummeling him. Having his pistol out, Lewis, who about that time recovered his wits, shot Anderson twice; once in the abdomen and once in the leg. He is certain to die. Lewis is in jail.

A Fool and a Gun.

While a young man named Lem. Harbaugh was riding by a district school-house, eight miles from Omaha, Neb., on Feb. 15, he pointed a needle-gun at the children playing in the

school-yard, his object being to frighten them, as they were snowballing him. The gun, which had a defective lock, was discharged accidentally, it is claimed, and nine children were wounded by a single bullet, but none of them fatally. The ball passed through the right arm of Mamie Shipley, struck Joy Price on the upper lip, and passed through the right thigh of Marquis D. Price. Harbaugh surrendered himself, and is now in jail in that city to await examination. He claims it was accidental, and such is the general belief, but it is proposed to punish him to make an example in such cases.

Bloody Fight in a Schoolhouse.

There were lively times in the town of Graham, Texas, on the night of Feb. 13. A few weeks ago a man named Allison was appointed trustee of the school in the place of one Brown. Brown swore he would continue to act and he forthwith employed a young man named Rogers, of Coleman, to teach the school. Allison and party armed themselves with shot-guns to prevent Rogers from entering the house. Rogers arrived on the date named, at night. Brown informed him that they would have to

which is looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

WHOW! What red-hot methods of settling disputes in the domestic circle prevail in Illinois! Near Pana, in that State, on Feb. 12, two farmers, brothers-in-law, named Reuben Corwin and James Hamlin, settled an old grudge in the presence of their wives in a desperate fight with knives. Corwin was stabbed in the neck, and Hamlin in the left breast. Corwin fired two ineffectual shots from a revolver

**A WRECKED FUNERAL.**

A RUNAWAY TEAM SMASHES A HEARSE ON THE WAY TO CALVARY CEMETERY, L. I., AND TUMBLES A CORPSE INTO THE MUD TO THE HORROR OF THE MOURNERS.

**THE HEATHEN CHINESE IN THE RING.**

TWO BAD CELESTIALS OF PHILADELPHIA SETTLE THEIR DISPUTES IN THE LAUNDRY, BY A MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY DEBATE WITH GLOVES IN THE ARENA.

take possession by force of arms. Rogers did not object, and, arming themselves, they repaired to the school-house. Allison and party, who had secreted themselves in the house, fired on them as they entered the door. The Rogers' party returned the fire, and the result is: Rogers, killed; Brown, severely wounded; Allison, right hand shot entirely off, and a fourth party, name not learned, shot in the thigh. Evidently the school-master is abroad in Texas; yes, indeed—all abroad.

Charged With Embezzling.

The church-going people of Camden are greatly excited over the arrest in Philadelphia of J. Stewart Mathews on a charge of embezzling about \$100,000 from the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company by whom he was employed as cash clerk. The accused came from Ireland ten years ago and became a local preacher in the Methodist church. He was connected with the New Jersey Conference, and was an active member of the Tabernacle at Third and Pearl streets in Camden. About six years ago he was stationed at a mission church in East Camden and since then has been regarded as a devout Christian. He is now out on bail awaiting his trial

PARIS INSIDE OUT;

OR,

Joe Potts on the Loose.

The Adventures and Misadventures; the Sprees and Soberings up; the Life, Love and Pastimes Generally of a New York Sport in the Gayest City in the World.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Paris by Gaslight," "Mabille Unmasked," "The Bohemians of New York," "Studio Secrets," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

IN WHICH JOE SETTLES THINGS WITH AN INJURED FATHER.

Joe's relief was intense when the Rev. Mr. Spoon-dyke, rosy as Aurora, appeared in person. "The dounce take you, Spoon, I got no end of a scare and lost such a daisy all on your account last night, and he told the grinning bridegroom all that had hap-pened."

"You were a little too previous, Joe," laughed Spoon. "I left you to wait on Sallie. I found that young lady waiting on me seated on a chair in the terrace of the Grand Hotel. I saw by her eye that she was up for mischief."

"So you're spliced," she said.

"Spliced is the word, Sallie."

"Do you forget what you swore to me when we were with Hoodlum's circus?"

"I never could forget you, Sallie."

"None o' that. Answer my question."

"This is not the place—"

"Right here!" she burst out, and I could see that her fingers were itching to have me by the cravat, or to clutch a revolver or knife."

"Sit down."

"No."

"Well, will you listen patiently?"

"Spoon, I guess I'll hear your lying up to a certain point, but don't you go beyond that. I ain't got my temper on me, you bet, and if it ever gets ahead of me on anything it's when I rile on being cheated."

"Joe, I knew that Miss Votts meant business and that I was in a tight place. I began by telling her that I was dead broke, and all that sort of thing."

"That's a lie, Spoon! Your deluded parishioners made a purse to send you over. I read it in an Ameri-can paper. So don't you try that game on with me."

"What did you do?" asked Potts, considerably in-terested.

"Well, Joe, I turned matters over in my mind and couldn't strike a light now. At last a happy thought struck me and I said:

"Sallie, before I go one step further in this explana-tion business, I want you to see Mrs. S."

"I'm damned if I will," she used very Pinaforish lan-guage, Joseph."

"But I want you to, Sallie. You never in the whole course of your born days saw such an old scarecrow. She'll remind you of that rag woman that we put up in old Deacon Smith's field at Tombstone, that field where you and I courted, and—"

"Don't talk about that field, Spoon."

"Well, Sallie, you must just take one look at Mrs. S. and, if after that you don't say I'm getting a little taste of the brimstone of the future, just tie me to the tail of a horse and run me to death in the ring."

"Did she consent?" asked Joe.

"She did, sir. I led her upstairs, and without notice pushed her into the apartment where the bride was engaged in making her pre-prandial toilet. I kept in the background. Two screams struck the tympanum of my ear, Joe, one was from the aged throat of Mrs. S., the other from the plump gorge of Sallie Votts. The one was in alarm the other in astonishment."

"Come along, Spoon," said Sallie, dragging me by the arm, "if that ain't hell just you drop preaching."

"And you were forgiven?"

"I was; and as I did not return to the hotel till this morning, I again laid the cause of my absence at the door of the heathen."

"The old lady won't stand this much longer, Spoon," laughed Potts.

"I guess not, nor will I, Joe. I mean to make her a proposition this afternoon to this effect, that she can divorce me for \$20,000, I affording all proofs. In the event of not wishing to raise a scandal, for she's real well fixed in society, and belongs to an upper crust family, I will offer to take a back seat, pretend I'm gone after the heathen in central Africa for an annuity of \$5,000, paid monthly to you in trust for me. I guess she'll have to accept either offer."

"Suppose she won't, Spoon?"

"Well, then I'll try the honey game, assume repen-tance and woo her as ardently as Romeo ever woo'd Juliet, and if she was like Mrs. Langtry, Joe, he wasn't half hot enough. Then I'll get some money for self and some more for heathen and return to the United States and go on a racket with the boys of New York, eh, tippy?"

The Rev. Mr. Spoon-dyke was still unfolding his plans over cigars and brandy and water, when a waiter announced:

"Le Baron de la Roche Noir."

"May I join the New York Seventh if this ain't Sus-anne's papa," cried Joe, as a tall, seely looking gen-tleman entered with a profound bow.

"I have the honor of addressing Mr. Potts," he said, very slowly but in easy English.

"That's my name, Mr. Baron," said Joe, "will you take a chair, sir, a cigar, they're real hunky doree, help yourself. Pass the bottle, Spoon."

"Rev. Mr. Spoon-dyke, Mr. Baron Russian War," and Potts was quite a festive and cheerful host.

"I am the father of Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir, sir, and it is in relation to that young lady that I pay you this visit."

The Rev. Mr. Spoon-dyke gave Joe a kick under the

table that caused that gentleman to writh in mental agony. You know that soft place under the ankle bone outside, just over the low shoe.

Mr. Potts said nothing, for he was in too great pain. The kick, though, recalled him to gravity.

"I have come," said the Baron, carefully finishing a pony of brandy and preparing to light a cigar, "to con-fer with you in regard to Mademoiselle de la Roche Noir."

Spoon-dyke was for making another kick but Joe dexterously shifted his chair.

"Mademoiselle de la Roche Noir is as amiable as she is beautiful," said the Baron, slowly lighting his cigar. "as educated as she's high born, as accomplished as she is innocent and unspoiled. The misfortune of a dynasty has brought my home down to the dust; the dust, gentlemen, has swallowed up land, houses, in-come; but gentlemen," tapping his chest, on which figured a couple of greasy red ribbons, "it has not swallowed up Honor. no, gentlemen, the Honor of the House of Roche Noir shines forth as brightly to-day, in spite of grim and ghastly poverty, as it did on the battle fields of Cressy and Agincourt, as it did under the walls of Jerusalem when Du Gueslin de la Roche Noir took the turbaned infidel Hassan and smote him hip and thigh."

After delivering these well rounded sentences, the Baron tossed off a second pony of brandy.

"It's a real fine old house," observed Joe, "a long time in business, too."

"Business, sir!" fiercely cried the Baron, "what do you mean, sir, a Roche Noir in business? Is this an affront, sir? For if it is, by heaven and St. Denis, there is a Roche Noir here who knows how to defend his honor against any oilman that ever split a log with his nasal twang."

"That's rather rough, Baron," observed Spoon-dyke, "there's no insult here and no oilman."

"If I said anything to offend Mr. Baron Russian War, I take it all back," said Joe.

"Gentlemen, accept my apology. A poor man is ever sensitive, a proud man is ever passionate."

"Take another pony, sir," suggested Spoon-dyke, a hint rapidly acted upon.

"Be wary!" hastily whispered Spoon-dyke to Potts. "The old man is here to ask your intentions in regard to his daughter."

The Baron de la Roche Noir, after having pulled up his shirt collar and shot his wrists, suddenly ex-claimed:

"Mr. Potts, can I have the honor of a few moments conversation with you on a subject deeply interesting to both of us?"

"I am at your disposal, sir."

"I would like our conversation to be alone."

"Oh, I guess I ain't in the way," observed Spoon-dyke. "Joe Potts and I have no secrets, and I bet you're too new an acquaintance to raise a crop in such a hurry."

"This is a secret matter, sir."

"Mr. Baron, I have no secrets from my friend here, and if you don't choose to talk before him I reckon you needn't talk at all."

The Baron seemed a little discomfited, but pulling himself together exclaimed:

"Sir, for that matter what I have to say might be posted on the Alina Bridge or on the walls of the Hotel de Ville."

"All right," said Joe.

"Mr. Potts, I shall come to the point. You have made the acquaintance of my daughter. You have paid her attentions which as an honorable man can have but one object. You admire, you love her. You seek the hand of Mademoiselle de la Roche Noir in marriage."

This time Spoon-dyke got a kick in and Joe moved further off.

"I need hardly say, sir, that I feel honored by your attentions to my child, and that should all references and inquiries prove satisfactory you may perhaps count on my consent. I did intend my daughter to mate with a Conde or a Montmorency, but Fate has de-cided otherwise."

The Baron paused.

"I guess, Baron," said Joe, "that there is some mis-take here."

"Mistake?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that your daughter must be mistaken."

"Mistaken? Impossible!"

"Oh, quite possible, Mr. Baron."

"Are you not Joseph Potts, of New York, U. S. A.?"

"Sure pop, every time, you bet your boots."

"Then, sir—"

"Please listen to me. I met your charming daugh-ter by accident."

"Precisely."

"I own up to being civil to her, and to admiring her."

"Precisely."

"But as I couldn't understand her, and she couldn't understand me, why it was kind of heavy and slow."

"Young people in love soon establish a language of their own."

"That's all very fine. It takes people to be in love, and it takes time."

"Mademoiselle La Jeune interpreted your words to my child."

"Sometimes, but how the dickens do I know what she interpreted. She might have told your daughter that I am dying of love for her when I asked her if she'd take some supper."

"Mademoiselle La Jeune is an honorable young lady or my child would not associate with her."

"I ain't saying anything against Mademoiselle La Jeune. All I say is this—that as to my thinking of marrying your daughter—"

"Well, sir."

"Why, such a thought never entered my head."

"What?" and the Baron leaped to his feet.

"There ain't no use in bouncing around about it. I met your daughter. I went to the opera here next door and saw her dance. I gave her and her friend a couple of lunches. I never was alone with her—"

"It is not the custom of engaged couples to be alone in France, sir. That sort of free and easy may do in America and—"

"Just you leave America alone, Mr. Baron. It was good enough for my mother and it will be good enough for the girl I intend to make my wife," cried Mr. Potts, hotly.

"There's some misunderstanding here," observed Spoon-dyke. "I have seen Mr. Potts with your daugh-ter, and his attentions called for no special com-ment."

"Then you admit attentions, sir?"

"Certainly I do; but—"

"But what, sir?"

"Really—"

"Speak out."

"Well, then, they were not such attentions as a gen-tleman shows to a lady that he is going to make his wife."

"Sacr-r-r-r-r-e! Do you mean to say that he was insulting Mademoi-selle de la Roche Noir?" roared the Baron.

"Oh, dear, no. On the contrary, he was politeness itself."

"I must get at the bottom of this!" yelled the Baron, and leaping to the door he called, "Susanne! Susanne!"

In a second Mademoiselle de la Roche Noir bounded into the apartment followed by Miss La Jeune.

The Baron uttered some fierce words to his daugh-ter which set her weeping. Then, as if moved by some uncontrollable impulse, she made a rush at Joe and flung her arms around his neck clung to him with a grasp that nearly strangled him.

"Let go!" cried Joe, endeavoring to free himself.

"There is a sight to drive a parent wild!" roared the Baron.

"He ain't going back on Susanne, is he?" demanded Miss La Jeune, of Spoon-dyke.

"I don't know what you mean, Miss!"

"He's not going to break off?"

"Break off what?"

"His engagement!"

"I never heard of an engagement."

"Do you mean to say she would have gone to that horrid ball with him if she wasn't engaged?"

"I do believe she would," replied Spoon-dyke, calmly.

Miss La Jeune bit her lips.

"What do you mean?" she said.

Mademoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir held on to Joe, hugging him hysterically and as if she would bear him away to some distant clime far from the maddening crowd.

I need hardly tell the readers who have perused this true and eventful narrative, that Mr. Potts was both tender hearted and vain. A woman in tears was always too much for him, and he would dry her eyes almost at any cost.

The idea, too, that a noble and high born girl was thus madly in love with him tickled his vanity to death. "Here is a mash, Joe," cried Vanity. "Here is something worth having. She's crazy about you—absolutely dead gone!"

Mr. Joseph endeavored to remove the clasping arms of Mademoiselle de la Roche Noir, crying to Miss La Jeune:

"Just tell her to let go, will you. This ain't agree-able. She's a choking of me, I tell you. Speak to her; soothe her."

"How can I soothe her," cried Miss La Jeune. "It is for you to speak."

"Dammit," gasped Joseph, "she don't understand me."

"Imprint a kiss on her lips," adding in French to her friend, "Susanne, he wants to kiss you."

These words acted like a talisman, and the straining arms were unclasped, the fingers unloosed, and the high born girl's month raised while her eyes en-deavored to pierce his very soul.

What did Joe do?

No, yes, no, yes—he kissed her.

"Bless you, my children," said the Baron, advancing and laying his hands on both their heads.

"The sooner you slope for Texas, Joe, the better," observed the Rev. Mr. Spoon-dyke, as later on, the Roche Noir party having taken their leave, the two cronies sat together.

"What could I do, Spoon?"

"Oh, you've done it."

"No, I ain't."

"Ain't you, though? When is the wedding to come off?"

"Bah!"

"Here in Paris, of course—the day after to-morrow?"

"None o' that."

"If you ain't pretty well fixed I'll join the New York Seventh."

"It's a good joke."

"Joke!"

"Well, it is a good joke to tell the boys when we get back."

"You can't let off such a joke on Mrs. Potts."

"Mrs. Blue Blazes!"

"She'll cross with you on the 8th. You'd better en-gage the bridal chamber. I hope you won't be as sick as when—"

"Oh, let up on this. I couldn't help kissing the girl when she put up her mouth, and she's a real tony lady you know, Spoon. A high up family that's got to rust. I'll make her a nice present and skip. That's all gammon about the old man and his blowing. It ain't worth a cent in law. I made no promise. Come, Old Hundred, and we'll go out for a turn."

"Come and see Sallie Votts. She's got a lady friend—a strawberry blonde—that I guess you'll freeze to."

"I guess I must make a call at Madame Dufarge's."

"Can I come?"

"Well, yes, but no games—no mashing, mind you."

"Do you want both?"

"Perhaps."

"Get out, you Grand Turk."

They found Hercules Amadie imbibing a brandy punch at Tortoni's and joined him. At first the little Frenchman seemed afraid of Spoon-dyke, as if the reverend gentleman was a ghost.

"Not dead, not in the morgue? But I am rejoiced. Poor Joseph here, how he did suffer and what he did dare for his devotion."

"And what you gained, eh, Hercules?" laughed Joe.

"Horror, no, she was yours. She was sacred. I did only kiss her hand. Bah, it is too horrible to make love to a woman who is thinking all the time of your friend. She was in a terrible rage, mon ami, but calmed down. I said to her it is his devotion to his friend."

"Bah, she cried, 'a dead friend against a live lover.' But I calmed her and she is just as nice as she can be. If Lichenstein doesn't come by that St. Gothard ex-press your fortune is in the ascendant."

"How will I be able to learn?"

"I will find out. What are you going to do to-night?"

"To night—well, nothing."

"Haven't you to meet your future?"

"Let up, Spoon, or I'll get ugly."

"Let me suggest," cried Amadie.

"By all means."

"Well, then, suppose you sup with me, I am to dine with the widow. I can give you a rendezvous at my club, the Solette. Come both and sup there. You will meet some nice fellows and if you like a game of real American poker—"

"Like it? Let me at it," cried Joe.

"Well, then, we will say one o'clock, at the Solette."

As Spoon-dyke and Joe reached 91 Ave. Miromesnil Madame Dufarge was stepping into her carriage.

"I can only take one of you gentlemen," she laugh-ed, "and of course it will be you, Mr. Potts, if your friend is willing to part with you."

"Not willing, madam," cried Spoon-dyke, "but I know how delighted Potts is at the chance," and with a low bow his reverence walked away.

"I would ask you in," laughed the lady, "but the warrior whom you met at the opera is in there just now with my sister and she would eat me up if I in-terrupted their tete-a-tete."

"I guess so," said Joe, with a very significant glance.

"What do you mean by looking at me in that way?" asked Madame.

"Nothing," said Joe, as he entered the victoria.

"I have any amount of shopping to do to-day be-fore I leave for the States and I have postponed ev-erything to the last moment, even gloves," and she put out her pretty hand.

"Let me do the glove business. I'll take that con-tract," cried Potts, holding the hand.

"You have no idea how heavy it is or you would not be so rash a speculator."

"I guess I can make something by it," he laughed. "I'll take it."

"Very well, you shall have it, as you are the only bidder."

They arrived at the Magazine du Louvre, a monster store opposite the Tuilleries.

Just as Joe was about to assist Madame Dufarge to alight a hand was laid on his arm.

He turned.

It was the Baron de la Roche Noir, whose rolling eye and inflamed visage betrayed recent and deep potatoes.

"Present me to your friend," he said.

For a second Joe was undecided. If he refused this man would kick up a fuss. Conciliation was the order of the day and the introduction over the Baron would retire.

"Madame Dufarge, permit me to present the Baron de la Roche Noir."

"Enchanted to have the honor of making your ac-quaintance, madame. My son-in-law—"

"Your what, monsieur le Baron?" burst in Madame Dufarge, gazing in bewilderment at Mr. Potts.

"Son-in-law elect, madame, and—"

"No such thing, Madame Dufarge," cried Joe, "I'll tell you all about it. Ask your coachman to drive on."

"Mr. Potts, do you deny your engagement to Ma-demoiselle Susanne de la Roche Noir?" sternly de-manded the Baron.

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Yes or no?"

"I—"

"No poltroonery, sir."

"No."

"Then you do not deny it?"

"I do."

"Then, sir," and the Baron was livid as he spoke, "receive the brand of a coward in the presence of your mistress," and he struck Joe across the face a ringing slap with the back of his hand.

"Mistress!" shrieked Madame Dufarge.

"Madman!" roared Joe.

The horses took fright, not so much at the hubbub as at a passing steam roller, and off they went down the Rue de Rivoli

THE "POLICE GAZETTE."

Its Grand Establishment and Its Workings Described in Detail.

The Famous New Palace Over Which Richard K. Fox Has Set Up His Sporting Standard.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The POLICE GAZETTE, Richard K. Fox's palace of sport, fully equipped with all its enginery magic, replete in all the improvements of our advanced age, and a journalistic emblem of the otherwise intangible go-ahead spirit of the age, to-day holds up its own mirror to its own self and reflects its symmetry in pictorial form for the gratification of its friends and the annoyance of its enemies.

It is the complaint against us that we turn up everywhere. And we do. Here's another proof of it. We turn up in our own columns and in our own pictorial pages. We present ourselves to the gaze of our million readers, in order that they may see what sort of creature is this famed POLICE GAZETTE that has worked such wonders in the field of sports in general, and revived even the ring, which every one had supposed dead beyond a resurrection. This magical force and its workings, are pretty accurately described in the illustrations on another page, but some of the details of our establishment may be dwelt on with interest to the general reader.

It requires but a glance to verify the acknowledgment made on all sides that the POLICE GAZETTE Building is a veritable palace of journalism, unequalled by any newspaper establishment in New York. The building is situated on the corner of Franklin Square and Dover street, is built of Philadelphia pressed brick with Belleville stone facings. The architect of the structure is John Rogers, of New York. The building has a front on Franklin Square of 27 feet 10 inches, and a depth on Dover street of 94 feet. Its height above the sidewalk is 85 feet, its basement depth, 23 feet, its foundation walls are 2 feet 4 inches thick, and the upper walls 2 feet. It is seven stories in height above the sidewalk and the height of the ceilings is, 1st story, 14 feet; 2d story, 12 feet; 3d story, 10 feet; other stories, 9 feet; and the walls are run up to make a solid parapet about the roof four feet in height all around.

The sidewalk vaults, which are solidly built and spacious, are 9 feet deep on Dover street and 12 feet on Franklin Square, giving an area of 1,681 square feet under the sidewalk, lighted by Hyatt's patent vault lights. The sidewalk vault on the Franklin Square front of the building is occupied by a gigantic and beautiful engine which furnishes power for the entire building, while three immense boilers occupy a portion of the space of the long vaults on the Dover street side. The rest of the space on the ground floor is filled with Hoe presses which are employed in job work, the printing of the POLICE GAZETTE book publications, and the type side of the paper. Every corner of the vast space is utilized either by presses or the material for the production of our publications—inks, paper, etc.

An additional engine utilized for running two elevators, one for freight, the other for passengers, also occupies a portion of the ground floor. On the floor above, on the street level, the entire space of a well-lighted apartment running the whole length of the building, is occupied by ten presses which are exclusively devoted to printing the POLICE GAZETTE—machines of astonishing ingenuity which throw off the excellent engravings for which this paper is famed with a celerity and a clearness that is as close to perfection as art and mechanical skill can attain. These are constantly working in the sight of the public and it is a cold day indeed when our rubicund and jovial pressman isn't playing a star engagement in his department before a crowd of fifty or more specimens of every grade of society from the highest to lowest, flattening their noses against the immense plate glass windows that let into this important department the floods of sunlight necessary to aid the delicate task of printing off an immense edition of our fine pictorial pages. It is as good as a show to anyone and the dandy passer-by experiences an irresistible temptation to join with the urchin in amusing himself and improving the mind by witnessing the working of this portion of the machinery of our grand establishment.

From this first floor there run up two grand flights of stairs, front and back, to the floors above. Immediately over the press room the entire floor is devoted to the private offices and parlors of Richard K. Fox and the spacious area is divided off into publication office, counting room and the cashier's department, the latter being kept in a sort of immense plate glass case surrounded by piles of bullion and bank notes, with a half dozen clerks and assistants engaged in counting, checking, haling and stowing it away, giving noocular proof (on the title saying "money talks") of the wonderful prosperity of the POLICE GAZETTE. This floor alone was fitted up at a cost of \$10,000 and is the wonder of all the visitors to the establishment. All its furnishings are befitting a palace. Its partitions are of polished hard wood and plate glass, the walls and ceilings are finished in rare and costly woods, the office furniture was especially manufactured to match the surroundings and is most unique and costly, while the chandeliers which illuminate this scene of business splendor and prosperity are marvels from the hands of the skilled artificer in metals and rare glasswork.

The parlor and offices of Richard K. Fox are located on this floor and occupy the entire Franklin Square front of the building. They are not profusely ornamented but no expense has been spared to make them worthy to be the central point of an establishment where luxury closely allied with utility prevails on every hand.

The furniture in these rooms was imported and is modelled on rare old articles in the Louvre. The adornments, the chandeliers, the dressing rooms, the book cases are all modelled after quaint paterfamilias from the same noted palace and everything accompanying them is rich and costly yet restrained within the bounds of the most rigid good taste. There is nothing gaudy or flashy in the entire establishment. All is solid, substantial, rich, costly and planned to serve a purpose of utility without offending the eye educated in the forms and hues of refined taste or the mind subject to the canons of art.

On this same floor is the sporting department with its reception rooms for the pugilists, athletes and

match makers generally. New as the establishment is these palatial quarters have already entertained many of the world's most famous champions in the ring and various fields of sport. This department, like the rest, is furnished and fitted with the good taste and luxury that are characteristic of the entire building outside and in. The floor above this department is devoted to the purposes of a book bindery and when complete will be fitted with the latest inventions for facilitating the process of binding the thousands of books and pamphlets that are sent out every week from the POLICE GAZETTE establishment.

The fourth and fifth floors are fitted and occupied as the stock and mail rooms of the journal and the varied publications which have made Richard K. Fox's name famous the world over. Tons of printed and pictorial matter are here stored and packed for mail or express and delivered to agents and subscribers in addition to the immense editions taken in bulk by the American News Association and put on the market through the regular channels. In addition to the clerks, packers and superintendents a small army of book folders is here kept at work day and night folding the extra orders of the vast and constantly increasing edition of the POLICE GAZETTE.

The sixth floor is as busy as a bee hive with its forces of fifty printers and assistants. Here four small presses are kept going with the minor job work of the establishment and here the job printing department and the typographical organization of the paper are completed. The seventh floor is occupied by the engravers' and artists' departments and the editorial rooms—each department complete in itself and each being filled with a carefully selected corps of earnest workers, the best in their line, whose work is always under the public's eye and speaks for itself. These departments are fitted with every convenience. There are no such editorial rooms no such engraving department, no such artists' studios in any publishing establishment in this country. Nothing has been forgotten, no expense has been spared and the workers in these departments enjoy the full facilities required for their special duties amid comforts and luxurious surroundings hitherto unknown in newspaper offices. Over two hundred selected employees are engaged in this building working on the POLICE GAZETTE and its attendant publications—and not only their number but the quality and the price of their talent is the best proof of the prosperity of this journal and of the success of Richard K. Fox's plans to revive sport in America.

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

An Alarm of Fire Occasions a Panic, a Rush and a Slaughter.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A terrible event thrilling New York on the afternoon of Feb. 23. At 4 P. M. an alarm of fire occasioned a panic among the five hundred children in a German Catholic parochial school in east 4th street. The little ones, alarmed by the first outcry, made a wild rush from the door and crowded down a narrow staircase leading from floor to floor. The board railing of the staircase from the second to the first floor gave way, and fifty children fell into the hallway of the first floor. Hundreds crowded and fell down upon those underneath, and trampled to death or suffocated the children at the bottom. Eight were taken out dead, and seven died afterward.

The big school building is four stories and a basement. It is built of brick, and covers 198, 200 and 202 east 4th street, on the south side of the street, between First avenue and Avenue A. It is an old fashioned building, and is back to back with the great German Catholic Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, which fronts on 3d street.

There were nine school rooms—one on the first floor, two on the second floor, three on the third floor, and three on the fourth floor. In the basement was a kindergarten, where two hundred small boys were taught. Nine Sisters from the Convent of Notre Dame, a few doors east, were acting as teachers under the direction of the Lady Superior, Sister Augustina. There were 500 girls in the classes. One room on the third floor and another on the fourth floor were occupied by boys.

The fire broke out in a closet under the eastern stairs from the second to the third floor, and spread upward in the partition between the staircases and the school rooms. The fire was first discovered by outsiders, and the inmates of the school knew of their danger only when they heard trampling of feet and shouts of men outside of their doors.

The stairs at the head of which the crush was so frightful were steep and only three feet wide. Instead of a balustrade they had a board sheathing about four feet high, and this boarding was capped by a heavy rail. The crush on the stairs forced out the boarding and broke the rail on a level with the second floor. As the crowd of frightened children pushed mercilessly down, a few edged along the stairs, but the majority fell through the gap in the boarding into the hallway, twelve feet below. This hallway is only 3½ feet wide. In a few moments it was piled up several feet high with the bodies of little girls. The crowd of children from the stairs pushed down over them, and others fell on them and they were crushed and suffocated.

The main hallway leading to Fourth street is at right angles with the staircase, and the entrance to it from the stairway hall is only 3½ feet wide.

Here the children were jammed again, and the rush was entirely stopped. If the fire had been a serious one the two or three hundred children thus held back would have been roasted alive. As it was there were sixteen little ones laid out dead to be identified by their frantic parents.

QUAIL ON TRUST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the sporting novelties of the day the gastronomic form of athletics is becoming very popular. The quail eating match which began at New York has its imitations now all over the country. There was a remarkable variation occurred in Pittsburg on Feb. 20. The heavy eaters of a "lony" Pittsburg club had arranged a match at quail eating, the winner to be the one who could stow away the greater number of the birds at one sitting. When the feast was ready and the contestants were winking their appetites in the dining room of the club house, a tramp made his way to the kitchen and got away with forty of the quail off hand. When the chief cook discovered him he was surrounded by a wreck of bones and gastronomic debris. They threw him out but the quail went with him. It was the tramp who won the match and was the real champion after all.

A GENUINE HERO.

An Express Messenger's Desperate Battle With Train Robbers.

[With Portrait.]

The Central Pacific Railroad has been frequently the victim of the desperate bandits who infest the wild sections through which it runs. The hauls were rich ones, too.

On the night of Jan. 22, 1883, the last bold attempt was made at Montello, Nevada. It was perfectly planned, well executed and failed only because there arose to meet the situation a genuine hero, Aaron G. Ross, the express messenger, who defended the express car against the bandits through a siege of three hours. Ross was called on by our correspondent at Ogden shortly after the arrival of his train. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood and as modest as he is brave. His own account of the siege is as follows:

We left Toano on time. I checked the way bills received at that station, laid down and went to sleep. The next thing which I was aware of was a rap on the car door, as if an agent had called, and supposing the train was at Tecoma I got up and went to the door, opened it and looked out, when a man pointed a gun at me and said:

"Hop out, we are going through you."

I jumped back, pulled the door to and hooked it. They then went over to the opposite side of the car and said:

"Open up the doors and jump out; we are going to rob the train."

I replied, "Just wait until I get my boots on."

"Never mind your boots: hop right out here and we will get through with you and then you can get your boots on."

After pulling my boots on I drew my kit chest around and threw my blanket on top of it. Again the men outside said:

"Open up or we will burn you up and murder you."

I then got into position and shot through the side of the car. Nothing was said or done for a few minutes, when one of the robbers asked:

"Ain't you going to open up the door and come out?"

I told them I was not coming out. Then I heard them walk under and around the car and another demand was made for me to hop out. I made no reply to that. They then stationed one man at each corner of the car between me and the baggage car and five shots were fired simultaneously from different quarters, all ranging toward the center of the car. These were the shots that struck me—one on the finger, one on the hip and one just below the breast near the watch pocket. They then got up on the end of the car to uncouple the train, whereupon I fired two shots through the end of the car.

At this time they heard No. 2, the west bound express train, coming. They backed our train up and went on the side track and sent two men down the road to meet No. 2. When it came up I heard conductor Clement ask Cassin:

"What are you doing here? I want to speak to you." The robbers aimed their guns at Clement's head and told him to pull out and he pulled out.

The robbers then returned to our train and one of them tried to get on the front end of the car and upon the roof. I fired in that direction as near as I could calculate where he was and he dropped down on the platform. Then all was quiet for a few minutes. They went down to the water tank, got the engineer and brakeman, brought them back and made the brakeman uncouple my car from the baggage. I thought I would save my ammunition, so I did not fire. They dropped the express car down about two car lengths from the train, uncoupled the mail car from the express and drew it away about two lengths, then came back and again asked me if I wasn't coming out. I made no reply, whereupon they commenced breaking in both doors with coal picks, besides firing several shots into the car. I never moved or said a word but kept waiting for them to come in.

Presently they gave up the attempt to get in by the use of the coal picks and left and went down to the engine. They ordered the engineer to back down on the express car as hard as he could. When the mail car struck the express car both doors of the latter sprung open the length of the chain. That left me unprotected in my rear and I got up and went to the other end of the car to pile up some boxes but thinking that would take too much time I closed the doors instead and hooked them. They then backed down on me again and again the doors flew open. I immediately closed them.

They now left my car and went down to get some wood from the engine. The fireman told them that there was no wood or only two or three sticks. They then went to the section house and on coming back for the third time said:

"Ain't you going to hop out?"

They then backed down on to my car again but it was not a very heavy bump, as the engine didn't have much steam. They then asked Cassin how long it would be before another train would arrive. He told them that another train from the east would be in in thirty minutes. They then left us and rode off. The gang numbered seven and they had nine horses.

The pluck manifested by Ross meets with general commendation and if it is not liberally rewarded by his employers it ought to be. Mr. Ross was born at Oldtown, Penobscot county, Maine, in the year 1835. He stands 6ft. 2in. in his stockings and is a magnificent specimen of manhood generally. He has an excellent reputation and is never so happy as when playing with his boys, of whom he has three.

When the cars in which the gallant messenger had stood his siege arrived at Ogden it was an object of curiosity to crowds of people. Nearly every square foot was perforated. It looked like the target of a squad of sharpshooters after an hour's firing.

A SLY DAMSEL'S FEET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a scene in a Broadway stage the other day that is worth more than a passing comment. The antiquated omnibus which still infests that thoroughfare is much affected by the young school girls who are anxious to experience how it feels to be squeezed, and by the girls of more worldly experience who there spread their nets for the greenhorns. An innocent looking beauty was the sole occupant, with a young dandy chap, of one of the omnibuses that was rattling along one afternoon. They seemed to the outsiders to be most decorous in their relative deportment, for they occupied seats opposite to each other near the rear end of the vehicle. An old lady, the aunt of the young woman, saw her as she was passing along the street and hailed the stage, intending to

accompany her home. Imagine her horror when on suddenly pulling the door open she found the dainty French boots of the damsel reposing snugly on the knees of the smug young man opposite, while the damsel was presenting the most demure and innocent countenance in the world to all beholders. There was war at once and the young fellow narrowly escaped with his life. The episode was enjoyed by only a few but by those few thoroughly.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

Montana Rufians Brought to a Stand by Vigilance Committees.

The doings of the "rampageous" desperado of the frontier are still making things lively in Montana. The Vigilance Committee is a fixed institution out there now, and finds much to do in the territory. A correspondent who writes under date of Feb. 5, gives some interesting details of the lively events consequent on the uprising of the citizens of Weeksville, Montana, on Sunday, Feb. 4. He says:

For many weeks past a spirit of lawlessness, robbery and murder has reigned supreme at Weeksville, a railroad camp near Missoula, on the Northern Pacific. Good citizens were terrorized, and the rule of the robbers was so potent that it became unsafe for any man with a dollar in his pocket to appear in the street, even in daylight, while under cover of the darkness a carnival of crime was conducted by the thugs and cut-throats, who so greatly outnumbered the good citizens that any attempt to arrest and punish the criminals was attended with almost certain death to those who might otherwise have been willing to aid the enforcement of law and in visiting upon the head of the guilty the proper penalties for its infraction.

Dire alarm took possession of the business community, and it finally became evident that unless all good men were willing to sacrifice their property and leave, some immediate and determined action was necessary to terminate the exciting reign of terror. The courts were paralyzed and their edicts were defied. Driven to desperation by the extremities of the situation a Vigilance Committee was organized with great secrecy, and the accessions were soon sufficiently numerous to render its members bold enough to announce their purpose of suppressing the high-handed outrages almost hourly committed. Once organized no time was lost in carrying out the object of the association.

Less than ten days ago, it will be remembered, Billy the Kid, well-known on the Butte, was captured, shot all to pieces and thrown into the river, but recently there was the bloodiest red letter day ever known at the terminus. Sunday night, Feb. 4, three desperadoes, known as "Ohio Dan," "Bloody Enright" and another man, were arrested. The two first mentioned were hanged without ceremony and the third was converted into a lead depository. At the "Y," another camp two miles west of Weeksville, a similar scene was enacted, three men, names unknown, being hanged on the same tree and all at the same time. When the coach left Weeksville a lady passenger stated that the bodies of two men were dangling in the air from the limb of the tree, giving the early morning scene a ghastly aspect. It was also reported at the same time that the three victims at the "Y" were similarly suspended, having been left thus by the awful Vigilants, so that there should be no possibility of a return to life. The hanging of the seven men has in all likelihood exerted a salutary effect on the morals of the town. On another authority it is learned that last Monday witnessed the hanging of three more men whose high crimes had become known and who were considered too wicked to be allowed to afflict the earth any longer with their presence.

BILLY JORDAN.

[With Portrait.]

Billy Jordan, one of the gamest members of the old school of pugilists, recently arrived in this country. In the numerous battles which he fought his skill, pluck and staying qualities won for him a widespread reputation. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, June 27, 1822. His first fight was with Lalla Rookh for \$150, whom he defeated in 36 rounds, occupying 1h. 19m., Feb. 13, 1842. Beat Morley for \$300 in 133 rounds, 1h. 51m., July 13, 1842. Forfeited to McGarrity, being 5lbs. over weight, May 27, 1844. Beat Applebaddy for \$100 in 39 rounds, 55m. Fought Young Sambo for \$500, 34 rounds, 1h. 33m.; fight postponed Jan. 21, 1845. Beaten by Young Sambo for \$500 in 113 rounds, 3h. 58m., March 11, 1845. Forfeited to "Forty Fox," being over weight. Beaten by Tom Lane for \$250 in 73 rounds, 1h. 13m., April 6, 1846. Beat Bill Cotterill for \$250 in 10 rounds, 18m., Dec. 22, 1846. Beat Horncastle for \$200 in 83 rounds, 1h. 50m. Was matched to fight James McMulkins for \$250. The magistrates prevented the mill from taking place. It was impossible for him to get down to weight in the matches he forfeited. On one occasion he was obliged to fight without shoes because he was a few ounces over weight with them. He has opened a sporting house at No. 922 Sheriff st., Cleveland, O.

A CRIMINAL'S LAST AND WORST CRIME.

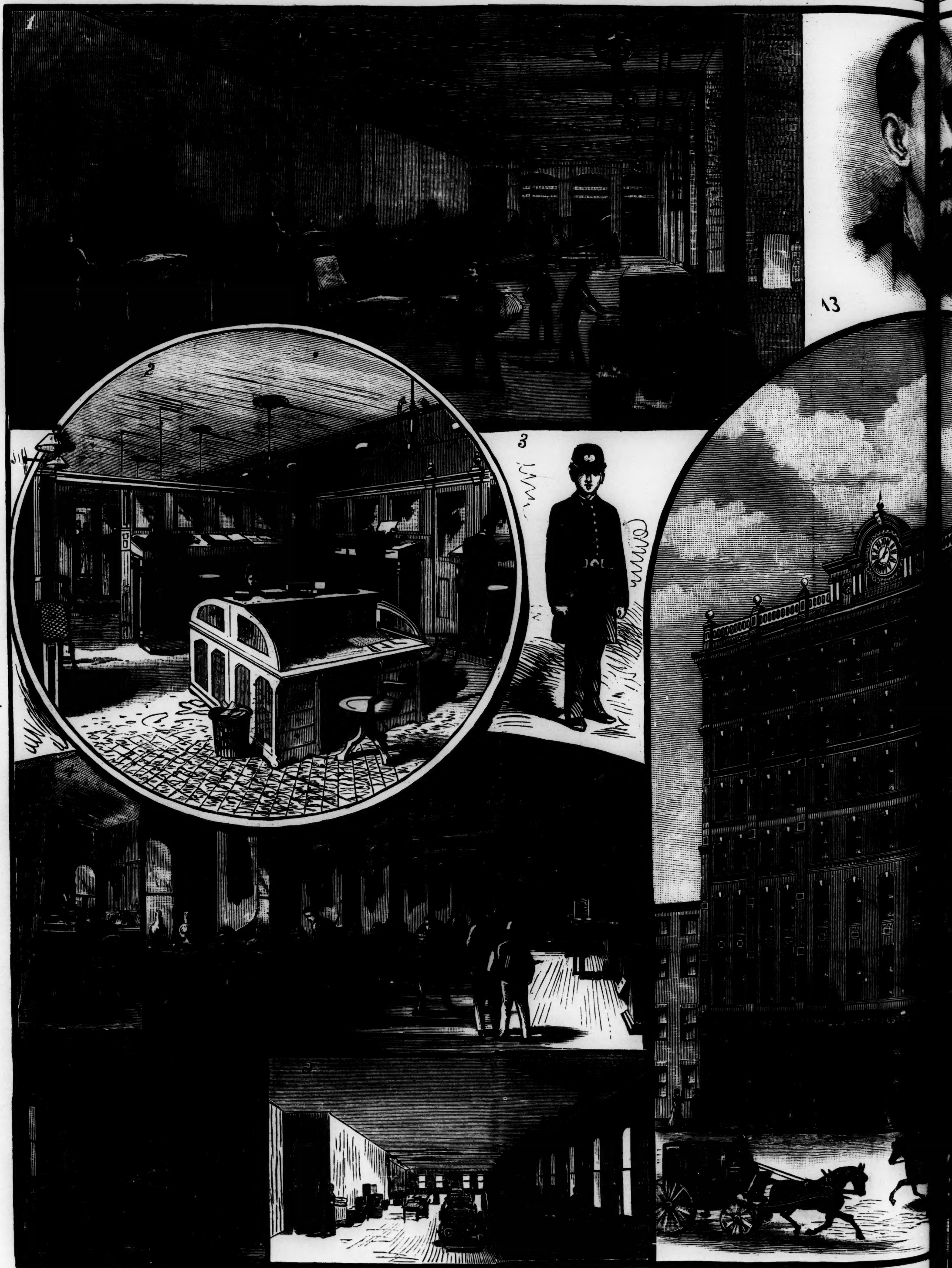
[With Portrait.]

Our readers will remember our account, published a few numbers back, of the desperate deed of a criminal, John H. Parker, who, on Feb. 5, while being tried in a St. Louis court for murder, killed his wife and committed suicide. While the husband and wife were conversing in the jury room in a despondent strain in regard to their domestic affairs the woman chanced to drop the remark that if she were dead their baby would receive \$1,000 from the Garfield Lodge of the Knights of Honor, of which she was a member. Up to that moment, it is thought, Parker intended only to commit suicide, but this convinced him it would be better if both were dead. Acting on a sudden impulse he drew a revolver, shot her dead and blew his own brains out. The scene was terribly thrilling.

MAGGIE DUGGAN.

[With Portrait.]

Prominent among the singing artistes of the new school, who have been developed by the modern rage for English comic opera, Maggie Duggan ranks among the best, and fills the bill of talent up to the full measure, such as it is. She possesses the English substitute for what is termed in French, *chic*. She came into prominence very distinctively some few months ago through the grace, abandon and accuracy with which she kicked off her dainty slipper and landed it nightly plump among the bloods who infested a certain private box at Tony Pastor's Theatre. This was in the wild farandole of "Olivette" which ran for some time with the impulse of Maggie's kick and the charm of the trophy that was scrambled for by the fellows in the box.

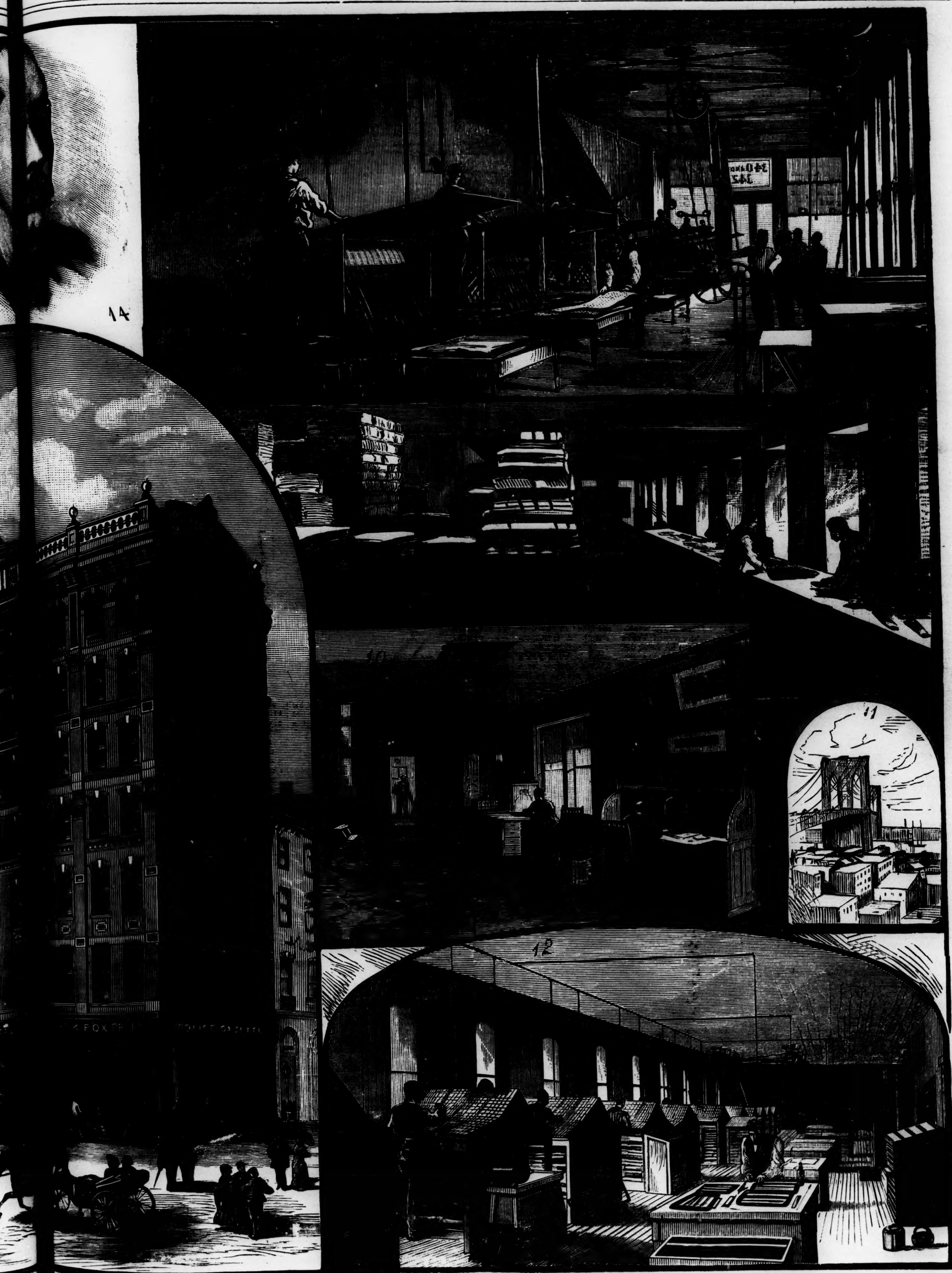


THE POLICE

HOW THE GREAT HEADQUARTERS OF REALISTIC ART, SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM AND SPORTING RENAISSANCE

1—BASEMENT PRESS ROOMS. 2—COUNTING ROOMS AND BUSINESS OFFICES. 3—CAPTAIN OF THE POLICE GAZETTE PATROL. 4—ATELIER OF THE CHIEF OF THE

6—BOOK AND STOCK ROOM. 10—EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT. 11—VIEW FROM ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT. 12—TYPOGRAPHICAL, JOB, BOOK AND



CE TTE'S PALACE.

NAISSA BOOKS FROM THE OUTSIDE AND WITHIN, WITH A GLIMPSE AT ITS DEPARTMENTS AND ITS MAGNIFICENCE.
 F OF THE ARTMENT. 5-WOOD CUTTING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT. 6-POLICE GAZETTE BOOK BINDERY. 7-BLOCK AND WOODCUT ROOM. 8-GROUND PRESS ROOM.
 BOOK AND PAPER DEPARTMENT. 13-RICHARD K. FOX, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. 14-EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING, FROM FRANKLIN SQUARE.

THE ROUNDER'S CHAT.

Mace Draws Blood, and the Maori Retaliates, in Baltimore.

Coburn and Sullivan Still at Sword's Points—Interesting Facts for Mr. Bergh—Elliott's Nerve.

When Mace and Slade set to in Madison Square Garden on the occasion of their first appearance in New York, by certain hypercritical judges the exhibition was pronounced to be "too tame." As a matter of fact the pugilists themselves were anxious to make a more spirited display, but a warning from the authorities restrained the contestants. To form a better judgment of the merits of the men I took a run down to Baltimore. I was thinking as I sat in a box at the Monumental Theatre, on Monday evening (the 19th) and saw Mace and Slade at work, that the critics would have been fully satisfied had they been present. That the men did not indulge in boys' play was evidenced by the blood drawn from Slade, and the lump which was raised over Mace's right eye.

When Slade appeared upon the stage he was greeted with a few hisses from Sullivan's admirers in the gallery but the American spirit of fair play asserted itself and the hisses were drowned in applause. Slade's good natured features became slightly flushed at first, but the generous plaudits brought a smile of satisfaction to his face. Mace was warmly received. Indeed, his reception amounted almost to an ovation.

In the first round Mace opened with a hit on Slade's forehead: in return received a rap on the head. Then there was a rapid exchange in which Slade used right and left with equal force and skill. He caught Mace on the nose and had his ribs rattled as a receipt for his favor. The round demonstrated Slade's ability to counter and stop with the cleverness of an old hand.

The second round was exceedingly lively. Mace started in by rushing Slade and the latter was kept busy protecting his face and head. At last the Maori with a quick, sharp blow caught Mace over the right eye and followed it up with two hits on Jem's face. Mace saw an opening and drew blood from Slade's nose but as quick as a flash received a light blow on his own nasal organ.

The third and last round was as hot as the one preceding and the men rattled away in give and take style. The result was that the lump over Mace's eye grew larger and Slade's nose bled more freely. Take it all in all honors were easy between the two: that the Maori should be able to hold his own with such an accomplished master of the manly art as Mace satisfies me that he is the man to meet Sullivan.

On the night when Mace and Slade first exhibited their skill in Madison Square Garden under the management of Mr. Fox I stood beside Joe Coburn, the stalwart champion. He was present to study the Maori. Every move of the New Zealander was closely noted by Joe and not until the wind up was finished did he say a word. When he did speak it was to say something complimentary of Sullivan, without referring, however, to Slade. At that very time Sullivan was saying to a Boston reporter:

"If Coburn is a fair specimen of the old school of boxers then they must have been a poor lot."

It is not surprising that Joe became angry when he heard of this remark. I believe that he is hot still. He has certainly made a bona fide offer to fight Sullivan and the latter cannot ignore the challenge and retain his laurels. Of course Joe is getting along in years, but for the benefit of those who believe that his hands have lost their cunning I give you the opinion of a gentleman who witnessed a set to between Joe and Sullivan at Buffalo. These are his words:

"Sullivan made a miserable showing against his skillful opponent who, although over 50 years old, displayed such science and activity that he was a complete master of the situation. In three rounds Coburn did not receive a square blow while he tapped, parried and countered Sullivan with such ease and certainty that the exhibition was entirely one-sided and created a general impression that were Coburn a few years younger he could whip Sullivan without ever getting hit. That Sullivan will be easily vanquished by the first clever big man that meets him was the judgment of good sparrers who were present."

Mr. Henry Bergh continues greatly exercised in mind over the "brutality" practiced with the gloves. It is his belief that the lives of boxers are shortened, and that many young men as a result of indulgence in the manly art are hurried into untimely graves. The old gentleman has been deceived, in all probability, by practical jokers. To relieve his mind I submit a few facts which will doubtless satisfy him that pugilists live quite as long as members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Benevolent, Aged and Indigent Female Social Clubs. The annexed list includes the names of some of the most distinguished prize fighters known to fame:

John Broughton	BORN.	DIED.	AGE.
Tom Johnson (Jacklin)	1760	1780	20
Daniel Mendoza	1763	1836	73
John Jackson	1769	1845	76
Jem Belcher	1781	1811	30
John Belcher	1783	1831	48
John Gully	1784	1863	80
Tom Cribb	1781	1848	67
Tom Spring	1795	1851	56
Jem Ward	1800	81
Bendigo (Wm. Johnson)	1811	1860	49
Benjamin Caunt	1815	1861	46
Wm. Perry (Dipton Slasher)	1819	1881	61
Tom Sayers	1818	1866	48
Jem Mace	1831	52
Tom King	1836	47

Ben Caunt, Sayers, Johnson, Jem Belcher and Spring would unquestionably have gone to their graves older men had they taken better care of themselves outside of the ring. With their names left in the list, the average length of life of the pugilist runs as high as sixty-two years.

I see that Jimmy Elliott is figuring in Nebraska as a knocker-out. James is reputed as having announced in the city of De Witt that he was "very anxious to fight the Maori." As Jimmy is on his way to the Pacific coast with his back to Slade in the East, the remark I have quoted is apt to convey the impression that Mr. Elliott is a humorist of a no mean order. Perhaps if James would turn toward the rising sun he might be called upon to make good the numerous challenges which he has issued in the West.

Plunger Walton is credited with a desire to establish a stable in England. At present he has his hands full in attending to his striking cartmen. There is no doubt that the phenomenal success which crowned his ventures on the turf across the Atlantic, will prompt him to try his luck in the same direction

once more. Recently an offensively inquisitive young man approached the Plunger with the query:

"How is it that you make so much money, Mr. Walton?"

"By attending strictly to my own business," replied Mr. Walton, with a Chesterfieldian bow, and then he left the young man to try and catch the meaning of his answer.

Gabe Case and his quail eater, Walcott, have much to answer for. At the GAZETTE office, scores of challenges are received weekly from ambitious would-be emulators of Walcott's eating exploits. The city editors of the various morning papers in this city have been driven to the verge of desperation by men who want to eat. You may expect to hear of a tragedy in connection with this matter before long, for I know that Mr. Fox has been requested to offer a gold medal to the city editor who first wipes out a quail eater. This business of testing one's eating capacities is outside of the domain of sports, and those who wish to shine in it should be matched, if at all, against ostriches or pigs.

In the course of my rambles recently, I have met several clergymen who warmly approved of the course pursued by the POLICE GAZETTE in dealing with the crooked members of their cloth. In addition, several letters have been received, of which the annexed extracts are fair specimens:

Brooklyn, Feb. 13, 1883.
Please convey to Mr. Fox my sincere thanks for the noble work he is doing in devoting so much space to the performances of hypocritical clergymen. The POLICE GAZETTE is a paper highly esteemed by myself and fellow deacons. Enclosed you will find our pastor's photograph. Keep it, for you may find use for it.
J. T. B.
Troy, Feb. 16, 1883.

We are organizing a POLICE GAZETTE subscription club in our congregation. Since our pastor subscribed and read your exposure of religious frauds he has been quite attentive to his duties. If he makes a break we will send you his picture.
P. W. H.
Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1883.

Keep it up. Mr. Fox has reformed the prize ring, now let him stick to his work of reforming crooked clergymen. These are the men who howl about the POLICE GAZETTE because they are afraid they may merit its rebukes. Enclosed you will find subscriptions for six copies. The subscribers are members of our choir.
A. G. H.

The deacons and sisters who are desirous of ridding their churches of unworthy clergymen, can depend upon the assistance of the POLICE GAZETTE, but no unkind word concerning those to whom credit is due need be looked for in these columns. The black sheep are the ones to whom the POLICE GAZETTE will pay particular attention, and that this promise will be kept you may rely on the word of
THE ROUNDER.

A MISERABLE MARRIAGE.

A Jealous Husband Meets Death at the Hands of His Wife's Paramour.

A love romance and a tragedy at Dixon, Cal. On Feb. 4 James Moore was shot and killed on that date by a gambler named Fentle Bennett. A correspondent gives the following details:

Moore had taken as a second wife a beautiful young girl named Laura Webber. They lived together for a time at Vallejo, but it soon became evident to the gossips that they were unhappy. The girl developed a passion for flirtation and from that branched off "crooked." Her first liaison was with a young married man, the affair becoming quite notorious and resulting in the separation of her paramour and his wife. Her husband could not provide clothes to meet her extravagant tastes, and she accepted too many presents to permit him to remain blind to her wrong-doing. He left the Navy Yard and took her to Virginia, Nev., where he was employed to drive a soda wagon. His wife lived there a short time, taking rooms in Oakland and growing more confirmed in her downward course.

She finally deserted him altogether and went to Dixon, where she lived with a young man named Fentle Bennett, a professional gambler, fleeing countrymen who could be beguiled into bar-room poker games. Mrs. Moore lived in a house of ill-repute in Dixon during the month of January; visited Lodi, San Joaquin county, for a few days, and returned to Dixon on Saturday, Feb. 3. It is supposed that she telegraphed to Bennett at Vacaville, for he also arrived at Dixon on the train at 1:20 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Moore arrived there on the same day, and met Bennett soon after the latter arrived. Moore asked Bennett for a watch and chain, which his wife had carried away and given to her paramour, the latter replying that it was in the city, but that he would return it. Moore then said that he had also come to see his wife, but Bennett said she could not be seen, Moore insisted, and the two men went to the house where Mrs. Moore was stopping. The woman did not want to see her husband, and tried to get away but failed. All three then went to a brewery, where a disagreeable conversation was had, after which they started to walk down the main street of the town. Angry words were again exchanged. Moore grasped the right arm of his wife and Bennett grasped her left arm, each man pulling her to go with him. Her clothing was somewhat torn in the struggle, but she remained almost passive. Suddenly Bennett let go of Mrs. Moore's arm, stepped back and drew a pistol, which he discharged at Moore, the bullet entering his left temple, killing him almost instantly. Moore fell to the sidewalk, when Bennett fired two more shots into his body. Moore did not speak after the first shot. Mrs. Moore and Bennett linked arms and quietly walked down the street, neither of them showing much excitement, the woman appearing particularly indifferent. A deputy sheriff was soon met and Bennett delivered him self into custody.

ARTFULNESS IN ART.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The progress of art in Gotham among its female devotees has not yet become sufficiently advanced to throw artfulness into the background. The attractions of the studios are, under these circumstances, rather in the *tableau vivant* line. The study of effects by the fair artists, too, are somewhat disturbed by an intermittent strabismus brought on through a divided duty of scrutinizing the glowing canvass and casting furtive glances at the dandy amateur critics who delight to look on at such art processes. Under these circumstances it is a wonder that the therage for brush and palette not only subsists but spreads? Its results are not apparent yet, however, whatever they may be, in art or flirtation.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.

A Maniac Wife Kills Herself and Her Husband Goes Mad.

At the Bloomingdale (N. Y.) Lunatic Asylum there died, on Saturday, Feb. 17, Jacob Ross Greene who had been brought on from Bastrop, Texas, a week or two before for treatment in Bellevue, for mania, but who was transferred to the asylum where he died the day after his admission. The story of the patient's life is a peculiarly sad one. Mr. Greene was, until a month ago, a thriving young man in the town named, in Texas. He was engaged in the livery business, and was reputed to be worth from \$20,000 to \$25,000, a sum which in that locality caused its possessor to be looked upon as a man of wealth. His father was the wealthiest man in the county, his possessions being estimated at over \$100,000.

The son, who was 35 years of age, had married some years previously, and was the father of four children—two boys and two girls—the eldest of whom was about thirteen years old and the youngest five years. He was devotedly attached to his wife and the two had lived very happily together since their marriage. About five years ago his wife, after a severe attack of illness, betrayed evidences of mental trouble. This continued but for a short time, when she apparently regained her usual health.

About the middle of last month the wife again began to talk and act queerly, and the fears of the husband were once more aroused. He became more assiduous in his attentions to her and was careful to be in her company as much as possible, fearing she might do herself bodily harm.

On the morning of the 8th of January the mother prepared the children for school at an hour earlier than that to which they were accustomed. The little ones demurred to being sent off so early, but the mother insisted and they finally started for the school-house. Something demanded Mr. Greene's attention at the barn, which stood not far from the house, but his wife was acting so oddly that he feared to leave her alone for a moment. Calling the servant girl he instructed her to pay close attention to the movements of her mistress, and not to let her out of her sight. This the girl promised to do. There was method in the madness of the unfortunate woman, however, and her tactics betrayed a certain crafty shrewdness. No sooner had her husband left the house than she directed the girl to attend to certain household duties in the kitchen on the floor below. The servant hesitated to comply, but upon her mistress reiterating her command peremptorily she did as she was directed.

Then the unfortunate maniac—for such she had become—proceeded to carry out the purpose which she had evidently been planning. Seizing a large lamp full of oil, which stood upon the mantel, she poured its contents over her head and saturated her clothing with the inflammable fluid. Then she applied a lighted match and in an instant was a mass of flames. The affrighted servant, hearing the agonized screams of the unfortunate lady, hurried up the stairs, but when she tried to enter the room found the door locked. The poor deranged mind had laid its plan well. Mr. Greene, too, heard the shrieks and his heart at once misgave him. Rushing out of the barn and looking towards the house he beheld a sight that almost froze his blood in his veins. Standing at a window which looked out upon a low balcony was his wife, the flames curling up about her, while she made frantic efforts to open the casement.

A dozen bounds brought him to the spot, and dashing through the window he took up his wife in his arms, carried her over the veranda and threw her upon a grassy lawn, rolling her over and over in the effort to extinguish the flames. He finally succeeded, with the help of the servant, but not until his hands and arms had been badly burned. The flames, however, had done their cruel work. The unfortunate woman lingered in terrible agony from eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, when she died.

The husband was physically and mentally prostrated. He was placed under medical care, but though his burns were severe and painful they were nothing to his mental anguish. For six days he did not sleep and refused to eat. On the morning of the sixth day he developed symptoms of mania, and in a very short time thereafter became a raving maniac. His physicians recommended that he should be taken to New York for treatment. This advice was taken with the fatal results already detailed.

A DRAMATIC SCANDAL.

A Divorce Suit Brings Out a Thrilling Tableau and Causes a Death.

Another sensational scandal with a tragedy at the end of it has been amusing the gossips of St. Louis just now. The whole "richness" grows out of the proceedings of a divorce case between "tony" people. The plaintiff is William Waddingham and the defendant his wife, Pauline. Mr. Waddingham has been a resident of St. Louis all his life and is the possessor of great wealth, being reputed to be worth from \$300,000 to \$400,000. He met his wife for the first time in St. Louis about thirty years ago. She was then known as Pauline Hulett. They were married on the 30th of Aug., 1853.

The plaintiff alleges that shortly after marriage he discovered that his wife's reputation was not entirely satisfactory and for this reason he left her, having lived with her less than a year. She went to reside in Pultney, Vt., where, according to the allegations, she led a questionable life, though he remitted to her for over twenty years \$100 per month. A short time ago he accidentally discovered that at the time he married her she had another husband, one Charles R. Gavin, still living and it was upon this ground that he brought suit for divorce.

In 1843 Gavin and Pauline Hulett lived together as man and wife. Shortly after this period Gavin wandered eastward and being caught in an act of grand larceny was sent to the Auburn penitentiary for three years. While he was in prison his wife went to the bad and he became a sort of wanderer, serving shortly thereafter a term in the Columbus penitentiary for counterfeiting. For the past few years his family and acquaintances have nearly lost sight of him and his mother, who had not seen him for thirty years, supposed him dead.

In response to the damaging charges Mrs. Waddingham entered a general denial. She alleged in her answer that she was never married to Charles R. Gavin but that a cousin of hers who greatly resembled her, named Martha Jane Haskins, was the one who married him. As to the testimony concerning her habits

of life in Pultney she simply says that the witness swears falsely. Gavin was secretly brought into town by Waddingham. Monday, Feb. 12, was the day set for a hearing of further depositions in behalf of the plaintiff and the defendant had been duly notified to be on hand at the office of Mr. Waddingham's attorneys. The purpose of Mr. Waddingham was to surprise the defense by the production of Gavin. He and his attorneys with Gavin were on hand before 10 o'clock. At that hour the defendant with her attorney arrived and a scene intensely dramatic in its details ensued. Mrs. Waddingham, who is a well preserved woman seemingly about 45 years of age and of small and shapely figure, came into the room with a smile on her face, utterly unconscious of the trap that had been laid for her. Gavin was standing against the wall and facing the door when the woman entered the doorway. He looked her directly in the face but gave no sign of recognition. She gazed at him for a moment as if she had suddenly been confronted by an apparition, then threw her hands into the air and staggering toward a corner of the room called out in frantic tones:

"Charles, Charles, Charles!" and then fell on the carpet in an hysterical fit. After being revived she looked wildly around and said in scarcely audible tones:

"I thought he was dead."

Gavin stood there all the time with his hands behind his back, staring at his wife but not saying a word. His stolid face betrayed no emotion whatever and he looked on with the indifferent air of a spectator who had no concern in what was transpiring. When the lady was led away he coolly remarked, "That's her." He was then put on the stand and his deposition proceeded.

It was the intention of the plaintiff's attorney to place the defendant on the stand and try to obtain her admission under oath, but it was discovered that she had returned to Mexico on the night after the event above narrated and this was impracticable. To leave no further doubt on the question of previous marriage Gavin and his attorney called to see Mrs. Marsh, Gavin's mother, and a telegraph despatch received gives an account of the success of the call.

It appears that Mrs. Marsh has been in a weakened state of health for many years and on account of her age and many family affairs had lost vitality both of body and mind. A short time ago she lost her favorite son, a lawyer in Detroit, and she had believed her son Charles dead for many years. When the two callers tapped at the door it was opened by a girl, who conducted them to a room where the old lady was seated. She rose to receive them but at the same moment she recognized her lost son and screaming out his name fell dead at the feet of her visitors.

A PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS.

Three Young Men Who Have Been Arranging the New York Jury Lists for Their Profit.

[With Portraits.]

The jury lists of New York have been, it seems, a veritable bonanza for several years. The whole business began to come out before the public on Feb. 9, when the detectives took action. On the date mentioned Wm. T. McGrath, a lawyer, and Patrick Cunningham, registering clerk in the court of the commissioner of jurors, were arrested and the next day Alfred J. Keegan, deputy commissioner of jurors, and James N. Jarvis, assistant deputy commissioner, were taken into custody.

McGrath is accused of bribing the others to leave the names of certain citizens off the jury lists. The profits of this business commissioner Caulfield estimates at \$100,000 a year. He believed the assurance that everything was regular in the office and closed his eyes to the proceedings. At last he was aroused. One of his friends asked him to engage in a business speculation and when he said that he hadn't the money the friend retorted that he was reputed to have an outside income of \$50,000 a year from his office and if he hadn't "he was a damned fool."

Then the commissioner got mad and set Inspector Byrnes at work, with the above results. McGrath after his arrest gave the whole business away. The commissioner speaking of the lawyer to a reporter said:

"McGrath told me that three men in my office furnished certain names to him and that he negotiated with the persons named to release them from jury duty. He paid to the three men in my office half the proceeds and kept half himself. He gave up a list of the names of the men he had collected money from. There were about 3,000 during the last year and they very rarely collected less than \$25. From some they collected \$50 a year and from some \$100. This plan of robbery, McGrath avers, has been going on for several years. I suppose it amounted to \$100,000 a year."

Keegan and Jarvis were arrested in my office. Their plan of procedure was to send out first our regular notices on pink paper, which should be sent only to those whose names are drawn from the wheel for jury duty. This notice requires citizens to answer in person and notifies them of the penalty of \$50 and costs for neglect to do so. The three men would send these notices to brokers, merchants and others who would be likely to pay liberally to escape jury duty, and the outside agent would then go to these men and offer to secure their release on the payment of a certain sum. When they paid the clerks in my office removed the names from the lists for that year. McGrath's lists shows a great many prominent names, with a system of marking by letters. 'C' means collected, 'K' means a kicker and a kicker was put in the box for certain, and 'F' meant fraud. Heretofore my office has been several thousand dollars short of meeting expenses. I think I shall now be able to turn in \$30,000 a year to the city. The law imposes a fine of \$250 on jurors who decline to serve."

These revelations have made a great sensation and the revelations of the trial will prove of interest to the citizens of the metropolis and also of other cities all over the country where a similar system secretly prevails.

THE TEXAS SCHOOL OF MANNERS.

They are very punctilious in Texas. Good manners are exacted there in the most startling manner. Their Turveydrops enforce the rules of etiquette at the muzzle of the pistol. On Feb. 11, George Alken of Vermont arrived in Weatherford, Tex. Shortly after his arrival he visited a saloon kept by Dave Miller. As Alken entered the saloon he accidentally stepped on the toes of John Miller, brother to Dave. Alken apologized and said it was careless of his part, when Dave drew a pistol and, saying, "I guess I'd better teach you some manners," shot him dead.

THE PRIZE RING.

First Hard Glove Fight on Record Between Chinamen.

Four Knockdowns in Eleven Rounds and then the Loser Cries, "Me Catchee Plente." "

[Subject of Illustration.]

"The Chinaman must go," was Dennis Kearney's war cry and on the evening of Feb. 17 in a private house on Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, two Chinamen did go—for each other. They met with the hard gloves and fought eleven rattling rounds under the rules of the London P. R., although at times the almond-eyed gladiators were inclined to indulge in a go-as-you-please contest. The wanderers from a foreign clime, the first of their people to don the mits, were Loo Hing, a washer in Yot Fung's laundry on Spring Garden street, and Hi Sing Foon, ironer in the linen cleaning establishment of Sam Chy on Ridge avenue. Hi announced himself as a "blad man" on arriving in Philadelphia. He had been there only a few days when he applied an almost red-hot smoothing iron to the rear of Loo's trousers, but the trousers were not loose and the unfortunate owner suffered. Hi was arrested for assault and was acquitted. Loo swore in the choicest pigeon English to have revenge. He visited Johnny Clark's boxing academy and from Professor Mooney received several lessons in boxing. Prof. "Buck" Riley informed Hi that Loo was in training and the moon-faced man of the flatiron simply remarked:

"I'm a blad man."

Finally Loo challenged Hi to a fight with hard gloves and after considerable wrangling the challenge was accepted. On the Saturday night referred to above the two men met in a back room on Ridge avenue. There were about forty spectators present, who paid \$2 each for admission. Among the number were seven Chinamen who on entering the room looked as if they would like to leave. Three coal oil lamps threw a sickly glare over the room yet brought out in bold relief the bala sticks flourished by two gentlemanly and sturdy masters of ceremonies.

Hi, weight 160lbs., and Loo, 140lbs., wound their pig-tails closely about their heads and prepared for battle. They wore nothing but blue linen trousers and parted regretfully with their double deck shoes. They eyed the gloves nervously.

When Prof. Mooney dropped his gloves and several pebbles rolled out of them on the floor Loo's eyes appeared to be about the size of two trade dollars.

When Prof. Reilly banged Loo's gloves against the wall and they sounded as if lined with sheet iron, Hi gave a despairing look at the only window in the room.

The window was barred.

The gloves having been cleaned out, Loo gave Hi his version of the rules of the prize ring as he learned them from Prof. Mooney. Said he, pointing to his pigtail:

"No can glab hlair."

Then with his hand above the belt:

"Can blang blang top side up. No blang bottom side," meaning not to hit below the belt. Finally,

"No can scratch. Standee straight up."

Hi's response was a grunt. Then Prof. Mooney stepped forward to second Loo, Prof. Riley acting for Hi. Seven Chinamen glanced nervously at the barred window but made no move as they saw the eyes of the owners of the bala sticks. The POLICE GAZETTE representative quieted their fears. Time was called and the men responded quickly.

ROUND 1. Loo put up his hands in fairly good style, while Hi imitated a performing bear about to clutch a pile. Suddenly Loo landed on Hi's chin, then two hot ones on the neck. Hi dropped a string of vocal Chinese pearls and rushed at his antagonist as a bull terrier rushes on a tomcat. It was then that Loo showed his presence of mind and his superior knowledge of the manly art. He turned his back and humped himself. Most of Hi's blows fell upon a section of Loo's anatomy calculated to sustain violence without injury. At last there was a clinch and Hi fell on top. Seven Chinamen grew very restless. Time three minutes.

ROUND 2. The men started in cautiously. Loo keeping near his corner and Hi near his. Several wicked blows were aimed at each other which might have done great execution had the men been ten feet nearer. Finally Hi rushed in, received two body blows and then landed what was meant to be a go to your grave blow on Loo's left cheek which sent the receiver reeling. Time two minutes.

ROUND 3. Hi, encouraged by his success, tried another rush, but two flush hits on his nose cooled his ardor for a moment. Then he clinched Loo and threw him. Time 2½ minutes.

Loo was asked by the POLICE GAZETTE representative how he liked it as far as he had gone.

"Me no likee," was the reply, "Hi he no fightee fair. He hittee too hard."

ROUND 4. The warriors came to the scratch puffing and blowing. There was a lump on Loo's head and Hi's chin and lip were bleeding. Both men struck out simultaneously, Hi hitting empty air and Loo landing on his antagonist's neck. Hi dropped as if he had been hit with a sand bag. Time 1½ minutes. Hi wanted to quit on the conclusion of this round but the owners of the bala sticks gazed at him and he accepted the situation.

ROUND 5. The heroes toed the scratch as cheerfully as if they were about to be hung. Loo forgot his science and the two got to work hammer and tongs. There were several hot exchanges and then Loo went down after receiving a pile driver in his rat receptacle. Time 3 minutes.

ROUND 6. Hi began to look homesick. There was a far away look in his eyes which told as plainly as words of mouth that he was pining for the land of stewed birds' nests and roast rais. While he was dreaming Loo thumped him on the neck and Hi became low—in other words he was knocked down. Time one minute.

ROUND 7. Hi pulled himself together and tried to knock Loo apart. The two thumped each other vigorously and Hi in the end threw Loo. While his antagonist was on the floor Hi thought he saw an opportunity and after stamping on Loo's pigtail tried to gouge with his toe nails.

"Foul!" cried Prof. Mooney.

Considerable confusion followed, during which seven Chinamen tried to sneak out of the room. Two bala sticks barred their way. The POLICE GAZETTE representative was asked to pass upon the claim of foul.

He decided that there was nothing in the rules concerning bare feet and toe nails. The men were cautioned however and the fight proceeded.

ROUND 8. Hi had the best of this round from the start and ended it with a swinging hit on Loo's left ear. When Loo fell he resembled a Chinese tea sign that had been struck by a blizzard. Time two minutes.

ROUND 9. Hi was evidently growing stronger or more desperate. Loo ducked and dodged but could not get away from his man. The two fell after a brief exchange, Hi on top. Time 2½ minutes.

ROUND 10. Hi hit Loo so hard on the breast that he knocked himself down and Loo fell beside him. Time 1½ minutes.

ROUND 11. Loo gave unmistakable signs of demoralization and Hi seemed to grow stronger. Loo shut both eyes and hit out wildly right and left, while Hi pounded him on the body, face and head. Hi put in a finisher when he struck Loo squarely on the top of the cranium with both hands. Loo dropped as quickly as if a house had fallen on him. Time 1½ minutes.

Prof. Mooney sent Loo up for the 12th round but the sad eyed son of Confucius wanted a rest and he sat down on the floor with the remark:

"Me catchee plente."

"Hi wins," said the referee, "Hi, Loo and the game."

Seven Chinamen darted out of the room when the door was unlocked. Loo waited until Hi had left.

"You will be a good one yet, Loo," remarked Prof. Mooney, consoling.

"Me no blood," said Loo, emphatically, "me no wantee be gloub. Chinaman dam fooler."

TRAY, Feb. 19.—At a well known resort on the outskirts of this city a hot hard glove fight came off to-night between Johnny Powers and Bob Hilliard. The fight lasted twenty-seven minutes and was gamely contested throughout. It was witnessed by between 300 and 400 spectators, among the number many wealthy gentlemen from Albany. The stakes were \$250 a side. The ring was pitched in a ball room. Hilliard is 24 years old, 5ft. 9in. in height, weight 172lbs. Powers is about 5ft. 10in., weight 163lbs. An Albany county sporting man was chosen referee and it was decided to fight under the Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Before Hilliard jumped into the ring he said in response to the query of a friend:

"You will see a fight from the word go. I'll have to be well thumped before I stop."

ROUND 1. Hilliard forced the fighting and knocked Powers down twice before the latter got fairly to work. Hilliard demonstrated that he was a hard hitter and a rusher. When the round was ended the betting stood 6 to 5 in Hilliard's favor.

ROUND 2. Powers having evidence of his adversary's strength stood on the defensive and let Hilliard do most of the work. This round made it plain that Powers possessed more skill than his antagonist. When the men came together it was give and take, Powers countering cleverly and taking three or four savage hits on the face gamely. In return he landed on Hilliard's ribs and head. Then the men locked. At last Hilliard got in a heavy one on Powers' neck and knocked him over the ropes.

ROUND 3. Powers got in on Hilliard's ribs but did not seem to have the strength to hit hard but he gained first blood. Hilliard knocked him down.

ROUND 4. Powers sparred for time, got his second wind and then beat the devil's tattoo on Hilliard's ribs, the latter facing the music but failing to do any harm. Powers stuck to Hilliard's ribs and knocked him about the ring and the round closed in the former's favor.

ROUND 5. This round was much like the 4th, Powers' superior science and bottom telling in his favor.

ROUND 6. Both men sparred cautiously, Powers getting in first on Hilliard's chest and neck, in return receiving a light face. A round arm hit near the pit of Hilliard's stomach almost stopped his wind. Then Powers did some rushing and rained blows on his weakened antagonist's face, head and body, bringing the blood at almost every hit.

Hilliard was too weak to come to time for another round and could not sit up in a chair. His friends claim that he lost the battle by not forcing matters in the second round. Both were declared game men. A return match is expected.

At Bedford, a little town near Cleveland, Ohio, 21 rounds, most of them marked by hard hitting, were fought on Feb. 15 by John Marron of Pittsburgh and Franklin Glazier of Steelton, Pa. The men were matched for \$500 a side. Marron is 5ft. 8in. in height, weight 138lbs. Glazier is 5ft. 9in., weight 136½lbs. The fight was with the bare knuckles.

ROUND 1. After sparring for an opening Glazier caught Marron on the right cheek and followed with a stinger on the neck, which sent the Pittsburgh man to grass.

ROUND 2. Five minutes occupied in sparring without a hit.

ROUND 3. Marron remarked as he stepped to the scratch, "Look out for me this time, I must win some money for my friends." Body blows were exchanged, then Marron caught Glazier squarely on the jaw and sent him to mother earth. First blood for Marron.

In the 4th and 5th rounds honors were easy, although each suffered considerable. In the 6th and 7th rounds Glazier was knocked down but he gave no signs of a desire to quit.

ROUND 8. As the men responded to the call of time a Philadelphia called out, "Hit him hard this time, Glazier, and see if you can't knock him out." Marron smiled complacently and at that moment Glazier cut the smile in two by a blow which knocked Marron off of his pins. Glazier's friends began to back him liberally and their money was covered promptly by the Pittsburgh boys.

ROUND 9. The men were prompt to respond and exchanged on bodies and heads and the round ended with a knockdown for Marron. The friends of Glazier still continued confident.

In the 10th, 13th and 14th rounds Glazier won knock downs. From this out the tide of battle was against him.

In the 15th and last round Marron had things all his own way and knocked Glazier about as he would a sandbag. Glazier's eyes were closed but groping his way to Marron he said:

"You have whipped me fair and I am satisfied."

The friends of the defeated man called on him to continue the fight. Turning to them he said:

"Gentlemen, you see both my eyes are closed. Do you want me to go ahead and get killed?"

This settled it and Marron was awarded the fight. The contestants were severely punished. In addition to his closed eyes Glazier's face and body was badly bruised. Marron had one closed eye, a severe cut under the chin and several body bruises. The battle was one of the gamiest and hottest that has been fought in a long time. The fight lasted 1b. and 30m.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR NEW STORY.

Nobody's knowledge of metropolitan life is complete unless it includes an insight into the existence of that female element which we hear of so much and know so little about. What "The Female Sports of New York," commencing in No. 237, of the POLICE GAZETTE, don't tell about the sirens of the metropolis, will not be found worth knowing.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

A. McG., Shobe, Mo.—No.

J. C., Shullsburg, Wis.—No.

R. McEl, Clement, Ill.—No.

C. N. C., Allegheny.—A loses.

S. W., Brownsville, Texas.—No.

J. A., Oswego, N. Y.—Back hold.

MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Could not say.

A READER, New York City.—No.

W. R. J., Murphysboro, Ill.—Yes.

PUMPKIN, De Witt Centre, 10 seconds.

G. M.—Send on picture and particulars.

C. M. B., Nokonus, Ill.—30 cents each by mail.

T. M., Hartford, Conn.—Courtney defeated Lee.

J. B., New York.—Yes. A lobster is a shell fish.

J. F. B., Concord, N. H.—Forward picture and record.

G. B. S., Scranton City, Pa.—Jem Mace is 52 years of age.

W. A. J., Boston, Mass.—He cannot build from the board.

J. HINEMAN.—The thickest part of the arm above the elbow.

G. B., Shawnee.—Peck & Snyder, Nassau street, New York City.

D. S., Pleasant Hill, Mo.—The song you refer to is out of print.

J. D. C., Providence.—John L. Sullivan was born in Boston, Mass.

S. D., New York Mills, N. Y.—The paper is published in Norfolk, Va.

W. C., New York.—We don't know of any skating rink in this city.

H. A., Clare, Mich.—We can supply the book. Price fifty cents.

L. R., South Bend.—Fastest time for one mile fair heel and toe, 6:23.

DICK, Pa.—Two sevens were played together, and there was no run.

T. W., Cheyenne, Wyo.—The population of London, in 1881, was 3,314,571.

J. M., Hartford.—Tom Sayers and Jem Mace were never matched to fight.

G. L., Shasto Co., Cal.—They were all over forty inches around the chest.

J. A. S., P. O. Box, Chattanooga.—We can supply you with a book, price 25 cents.

J. C., Rosedale, Ind.—Tom Sayers, when he fought John C. Heenan, weighed 132 lbs.

D. M., Pottsville, Pa.—The Great Eastern first arrived in New York, June 23, 1860.

A READER, East Mauch Chunk.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. Sullivan was challenged by Slade.

GUS AND ED, Kansas City, Mo.—Scotland Yard Detective Agency, London, England.

WITHERS.—1 mile, 1:17½; 2 miles, 4:56½. The Derby will be run on Wednesday, May 23rd.

E. E. WILLIS, Galton, Ohio.—We never heard of a man by that name in the circus business.

71 Roosevelt street.—The bridge at Cincinnati is a suspension bridge, that at St. Louis is not.

H. A. W., Westbrook, Me.—Forward us \$1 and we will supply you with the book you require.

BEN J. BALDWIN, East Trenton, N. J.—Tom Sayers and Bob Brettle fought on September 20, 1850.

S. L., Coxackie.—John C. Heenan died at Green River Station, Wyoming Terr., Oct. 23rd, 1873.

W. C. C., Boston, Mass.—1. No. 2. Heavy-weight. 3. Slade weighs untrained 230 lbs., trained 210 lbs.

A. S. R., Chicago, Ill.—Dan Donnelly fought three times in the prize ring and was never defeated.

H. C. D., Ida Grove, Iowa.—Longest running jump, 29 feet 7 in., longest standing jump, 14 feet 5½ in.

C. H., Foxcroft, Me.—John McMahon is the champion collar-and-elbow wrestler of the United States.

A. M. G., Dana, Ill.—The bets should have been declared off previous to throwing the balls up by hand.

M. H., Eliza, Pa.—The gloves used in the Sullivan-Tug Wilson contest were ordinary soft boxing gloves.

A. S., Richmond, Va.—Hugh Bogan, 369 West street, Ed. J. Brown, 423 East 23d street, Richard Carroll, 387 South street.

P. T. F., South Chicago.—Fastest time for 100 yards is 9½ sec. made by George Seward, in England, September 30th, 1911.

R. E. W., Sing Sing, N. Y.—Yankee Sullivan was killed by the Vigilance Committee, at San Francisco, Cal., May 31st, 1856.

J. W., Pottsville, Pa.—1. Maud S. 2. It is not known. 3. St. Julien never trotted a mile as fast as Maud S. 4. 2:10½ sec.

A. G., Hoboken, N. J.—The medals you refer to are Duncan C. Ross' own property, having been won by him in various contests.

Tom, Joplin, Mo.—The horses were presented to the General while on the trip, and we believe arrived in this country before him.

L. S., Smith & Bergen streets, Brooklyn.—Prof. Wm. Clark has his academy at No. 395 Fulton street, Brooklyn, opposite City Hall.

J. J. J., New York.—Apply to the Turner's Association, 4th street, New York City, or Greenwood Literary Association, Brooklyn, E. D.

STEAMBOAT HELENA, Ark.—By addressing G. W. Carleton & Co., Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City, you will get the information.

E. J. S., Dubuque, Iowa.—It would occupy too much space to give all of Bendigo's battles. Send your name and address and we will write.

M. S., Portland, Me.—Hamill, of Pittsburg, Pa., went to England to row Harry Kelly long before Walter Brown was champion.

J. M., 21 West 24th street.—Plenty of outdoor exercise and a moderate use of the dumb-bells will reduce the flesh and harden the muscles.

W. B., Utica, N. Y.—On October 15, 1830, Flora Temple trotted a mile in 2:19½, at Kalamazoo, Mich. It was then the fastest time ever trotted.

B. A. D., Wachesville, Texas.—The Young Ladies' Journal is published by Harris, of London, and you can order it from any News Company.

AJAX.—We do not publish portraits unless properly identified by public officials. Anonymous communications do not receive attention in this office.

W. W., Brooklyn.—Dr. Talmage is not a contributor. He did not write the report of the meeting between Mace and Slade at Madison Square Garden.

E. W., 34 Sheriff street, New York City.—Billy Edwards beat Sam Collier August 24, 1860; beat Sam Collier March 2, 1870; beat Sam Collier August 8, 1874.

OSCAR C. B., Ottawa, Kan.—Ned O'Baldwin was fatally shot in his saloon in West street, New York, by Michael Finnell, his partner, on September 27th, 1873.

A. H., Wyandotte, Kan.—John Bright, the English statesman, is living and well. It is only a few days since he made a brilliant speech in the House of Commons.

D. W. S., Coal Creek, Colo.—James Heenan, brother to John C. Heenan, died at Chicago, Ill., March 13, 1865. 2. It was Tim Heenan that was killed at Philadelphia.

J. W., Sacramento, Cal.—We publish the "Life of Jem Mace," send 30 cents to Richard K. Fox, POLICE GAZETTE Publishing House, New York, and we will mail you the book.

J. A. H., Albany, N. Y.—What you state is of rare occurrence. A gentleman who has been playing whist for over 20 years, says that it only happened twice with him during that time.

A. A., 223 Reed street, Milwaukee.—George Hazael covered 600 miles, 220 yards, from Feb. 27 to March 4. This is the greatest distance ever covered in six days in a go-as-you-please race.

B. C. D., Wilkesbarre.—1. Four aces, unless it is otherwise arranged at the commencement of the game, beats a straight flush. 2. Royal flush is ten, jack, king, queen and ace of same suit.

G. C., Baltimore, Md.—What was Alexander's sister's name? What Alexander do you refer to? The Alexander we know did not have a sister, but he was blessed with a healthy robust mother-in-law.

J. B., Albany, N. Y.—You want to know how to knock out a man without the gloves and would it be safe? 1. You might with a sand-club or a crow-bar, but why not use the gloves? 2. Ask the first policeman you meet.

J. C. H., Willow Grove.—500 glass balls broken in 24 min. 2 sec., 500 glass balls broken in 25 min. 15 sec. by J. C. Haskell, May 30, 1881; 900 glass balls broken out of 1,000, shot at by A. H. Bogardus, 3 traps 14 yards rise, November 20, 1879.

H. C. B., Fort Omaha, Neb.—You will learn something about postage stamp flirtation by tendering a lead half dollar to the first healthy postmaster you meet. Sometimes the flirting is done with a club, at other times with cowhides.

ARIZONA TOM, Newark.—Joe Coburn fought a draw with Ned Price, May 1, 1856. One hundred and sixty rounds in 3h. 20m. Defeated Mike McCool in 67 rounds, occupying 1h. 10m., May 5, 1863. Fought a draw with Jem Mace, November 30, 1870, 12 rounds in 3h. 45m.

M. W., Philadelphia, Pa.—Dexter, in a match against time for \$5,000, trotted a mile on the Fashion Course, L. I., Oct. 10, 1865, in 2:18 1/5. 2. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, owns Dexter. 3. He paid \$33,000 for him. 4. Dexter beat Stonewall Jackson three mile heats for \$5,000, at the Fashion Course, L. I., on June 26, 1865.

E. K., Baltimore, Md.—On May 30, 1860, at the Alhambra Concert Hall, London, the stakes were drawn and two belts, a fac simile of the English championship belt, were given to Sayers and Heenan. The former paid \$25 towards the expenses of the Heenan belt, but the balance was not paid, and Heenan never received the trophy, although Sayers received his belt.

M. F., Boston, Mass.—T. F. Delaney's time in his ten mile race with W. G. George, was 56m. 9 2/5 s. 2. The time was correct and stands as a record. 3. The mistake occurred in this way: In scoring the fifth mile one lap too much was added to Delaney's score, which accounts for George's six mile time being better than Delaney's. The mistake did not alter the time of the ten miles, 56min. 9 2/5 sec., as Delaney went the full distance, but it robbed him of the records from the sixth mile up.

M. W., Winnipeg.—1. Wallace Ross and Edward Hanlan are not going to row at New Orleans, La. 2. Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, Ont., and John A. Kennedy, of Portland, Me., have signed articles to row a scullers' race of three miles and one turn for \$2,500 a side. One thousand dollars is now deposited with Hamilton Bushey, editor of the *Traveller and Farmer*, who will be final stakeholder. One thousand dollars additional is to be posted with the stakeholder May 1, 1883, when the place of rowing shall be agreed upon. The course is to be from two boats moored fifty yards apart, and the turning buoys are to be in line with these, and the same distance apart.

M. S., Lewiston, Me.—From present appearances there seems every warrant for the announcement that the gun to be used by the American team of 1883 has been found, though the special committee of the National Rifle Association has as yet made no official report. This gun has been in the hands of Col. Bodine for about six weeks, and he expresses himself as thoroughly satisfied with the results thus far obtained. The new gun is a Remington, made after the English pattern, with a loose barrel, wider grooves and a shade deeper. The twist is one in eighteen. The stock is straight, and all the required military mountings are in their proper places. The shell is the straight 44-2 and 6.10, with about seventy-five to eighty grains of powder and a 50 grain bullet. The bullet is one in eight, and is fully as hard as the English bullet, a thicker and stronger patch being used, so there will be very little chance of the gun fouling or leading. The rifle has been fully tested at the Remington factory at Ilion, shooting close at all distances, one of the records at 900 yards showing eight bull's eyes and two close centres in ten shots. Colonel Bodine's tests have been only at 100 yards, with a muzzle rest, and from the results he is satisfied that it is fully equal, if not superior, to the gun used by the late team of British volunteers.

Two Wives in a Tussle.

A found-out scandal agitates Meriden, Conn. Two wives have had a scene in a hotel which gives the whole crookedness away. The exposure occurred in the Brower House in Hartford. One Saturday night two or three weeks ago Mrs. Delevan, of Meriden, left town telling her husband she was going to visit relatives in Ansonia. But she had no such intention. On the contrary her objective point was Hartford. She arrived at the latter place in the midnight train. Her husband, T. H. Delevan, had skipped off to Hartford in an early train supposing that the coast was clear and that she would remain over Sunday with her Ansonia relatives. On entering the hotel she heard two men and women wrangling in one of the rooms, and recognized her husband's voice in the argument. She then learned that her husband and a notorious woman from New Britain named Annie Wragg, who was the wife of a man named John Winslow of that city, had engaged a room together. Winslow had not lived with his wife on account of her bad conduct for some time, but that night he went to the hotel and when the well known Meriden man met him there was quite a scene, which resulted in his wife's paramour leaving town on the train that passes through there at 3:14.



QUAIL ON TRUST.

A TRAMP GETS AWAY WITH FORTY QUAIL PREPARED FOR A GASTRONOMIC MATCH IN A PITTSBURG, PA., CLUB HOUSE.

The deceived Meriden wife went to bed and got up about seven o'clock and waited for further developments in one of the private stalls which are built off the Brower house hallway. Between 8 and 9 o'clock the New Britain woman came out of her room and went into a

stall adjoining the duped wife. A friend of her Meriden lover went down stairs to order breakfast for her. It was then that the Meriden wife decided to act. Coolly removing her heavy cloak she walked into the stall occupied by the New Britain woman and closed the door. The

will ensue, and the church people of Meriden, among whom the parties involved stand high, are all in a flutter in anticipation of the revelations to come. These church people are getting themselves in a pretty mess all around, and no mistake.

damsel evidently thought it was the man with her breakfast, for she looked up with a smile. But the smile changed to an expression of deathly fear when she beheld the calm, determined face of her late companion's wife. She jumped from the table and crouched in the corner of the room. In an instant the Meriden woman had her by the hair and after pummeling her, calmly remarked: "Now I'm going to make you remember me when you look in the glass." Snatching up a plate that was on the table, she dealt the fear-stricken woman a terrible blow on the forehead. The blood spurted out and freeing herself from the clutches of the desperate wife she ran into the hall crying "murder!" The clerk and the guests hurried to the hallway and found the two women, one in terror and the other as cool as an iceberg. The Meriden woman explained the matter briefly. The wound of the New Britain woman was dressed and she was taken home in a hack. There is no report of the meeting between the husband and wife, but it was doubtless a hot one. It is thought a racy divorce case



FIGHT WITH A MONSTER.

AN OHIO MAN'S DESPERATE AND FATAL STRUGGLE IN THE COILS OF A MONSTER OF UNKNOWN SPECIES, AT WEST CARLISLE, O.



DEATH AT THE ALTAR.

A PARSON OF PERU, ILL., FALLS DEAD AT THE FEET OF A YOUNG COUPLE WHOM HE HAS JUST UNITED IN MARRIAGE.



JOHN H. PARKER,

THE CRIMINAL WHO KILLED HIS WIFE AND COMMITTED SUICIDE IN ST. LOUIS, MO.



MRS. JOHN H. PARKER,

THE FAITHFUL YOUNG WIFE WHO WAS MURDERED BY HER CRIMINAL HUSBAND.



MRS. ANNIE WRAGG,

WHO WAS CAUGHT AND SLOGGED IN A HARTFORD HOTEL BY A FURIOUS MERIDEN WIFE.



T. H. DELEVAN,

THE RECREANT HUSBY IN A SCANDAL EPISODE IN HARTFORD, CONN.



HOW HE GOT POCKET MONEY.

HOW A SON OF WEALTHY AND RELIGIOUS BROOKLYN PARENTS EARNED MONEY ON THE SLY TO VISIT THE THEATRES.

How He Got Pocket Money.

The small boy of the period is fully up to the standard of the adult progress in the arts of modern times. In fact he often proves that if anything he is a little ahead of his seniors in profitable trick and device. For instance, the case of Charley Wernberg of Brooklyn. His parents are wealthy but religious. They objected to his visits to the variety theatres and wanted him to substitute church meetings for variety in his schedule of amusements. To enforce this they cut off all his income and thought they had him. Imagine the indignation

lar who had jumped his ball, one Robert Horan, alias Paul Harrington, came over to New York to arrest him. They laid hands on their man as he was coming out of his apartments in Third avenue near Sixty-fifth street, but he turned them and drawing a revolver shot each of the officers through the neck inflicting almost identical wounds, which, it is feared, may result fatally. They fired back, several shots being exchanged, but he made his escape in the crowded street. Superintendent Walling sent out a complete description to guide those who may feel like attempting to arrest so dangerous a chap, and the POLICE GAZETTE gives its aid by publishing his portrait.

Brides in Black and White.

The town of Darby, Pa., seems the Gretna Green of miscegenating couples, and they rather encourage that sort of thing there. These affairs are generally very quiet, but the last one has made something of a stir owing to the fact that the parson didn't get his pay and made a vigorous "kick" in consequence. A local scribe details the richness thus:

Rev. T. N. Allen, pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church, of Darby, was greatly surprised the other night. He was called upon by a couple who requested to be united in marriage. One was a negro, the other a fair-looking white girl. Mr. Allen has been in the ministry for twelve years, but never having had occasion to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony persons of opposite color he was, of course, much astounded when the object of the couple's visit was made known to him.

"The man told me his name was Thomas Grobes, and that he was employed as a farm hand at Horntown, Delaware county," remarked Mr. Allen. "The girl's name I have forgotten, but she claimed to hail from Philadelphia. It was something like Laura Saunders. I put the customary questions to each as is required by the laws of the Church, and they were answered satisfactorily. The girl told me she had been married several years ago to a white man, but as he had ill-treated her she had procured a divorce from him. I guess she had become disgusted with the treatment received at the hands of a white husband, and so she thought to try a colored man and see if he was any improvement over a white man. Both seemed



JAMES N. JARVIS,

ACCUSED OF TAKING BRIBES TO OMIT NAMES FROM THE NEW YORK JURY LISTS.



ALFRED J. KEEGAN,

CHARGED WITH ACCEPTING BRIBES FOR "FIXING" THE NEW YORK JURY LISTS.

mightily anxious to have the ceremony hastily performed. They appeared to be very loving and the girl addressed her companion in the most affectionate terms. After the connubial knot was tied the groom called me aside and explained that he was short of funds and would not be able to pay me my fee. In view of the circumstances I told him I would delay giving them a marriage certificate until he called and settled with me. This appeared satisfactory, and the couple took their leave after bidding me good night. But I have not seen Mr. Grobes since, and the certificate is lying on my desk awaiting his return, when it will be delivered to him providing he hands over the fee. No fee, no certificate."



WM. T. MCGRATH,

A NEW YORK LAWYER ACCUSED OF BRIBING CLERKS TO OMIT NAMES FROM JURY LISTS.

a charge of attempting to blackmail Gen. William De Lacy, his client, avers that the young woman is afflicted with a form of insanity, and that she formed an unrequited attachment for Gen. De Lacy, and for three years has harassed and molested him in every conceivable way. Threatening missives, letters which upon their face are blackmailing, threats to kill, assaults, intrusion upon him at his house and office, and disorderly conduct, he says, have been a few of the methods employed by her to gain his affections. She is in all other respects a woman of good character and fine breeding, the lawyer says. Only when patience ceased to be a virtue, and he and his family could no longer endure the persecution, did he begin the proceedings. The lawyer adds she has been declared insane by her physicians and her family.

AN eagle in the hand is worth two \$5 notes in the vest pocket.

Miss Childs and Gen. De Lacy.

The lawyer who caused the arrest of Miss Marie Louise Childs in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Feb. 20, on



ROBERT HORAN,

ALIAS PAUL HARRINGTON, WANTED FOR SHOOTING TWO BROOKLYN DETECTIVES.

tion and disgust of the aristocratic heads of the family when they discovered Charley the other day parading Fulton street, New York, as a human sandwich between two placards of a corn doctor. It was thus he got the funds to attend the variety matinees in spite of the old folks. His business projects were nipped in the bud, of course, immediately after this discovery, but that boy is bound to amount to something—nothing can keep him down.

A Desperate Criminal.

On the evening of February 17, two well-known and skillful Brooklyn detectives, Cow and Looney, having got on the track of a burg-



SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

AN ALARM OF FIRE CREATES A FATAL PANIC AMONG FIVE HUNDRED CHILDREN IN AN OVER-CROWDED SCHOOL IN NEW YORK CITY.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE GREAT STORY.

In No. 257 of the POLICE GAZETTE, the "Female Sports of New York" will commence making their travels. Before they get through the reader will know some facts about metropolitan life that he never dreamed of, much less knew before.

RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor,
Franklin Square and Dover St., New York.

CAPT. TRAVIS, the celebrated pistol shot, is dead.

PETER DWYER, who has been very ill in Paris, is recovering.

THERE will be a cocking main near this city on the 1st of March—New York against Paterson.

ROBERT FUREY, of the Coney Island Club, declares that the Glenmore men are "good shots with their mouths."

COURTNEY's friends declare that he will "beat" the world next summer. There are several ways of "beating" the world.

HARRY C. BROWN, the popular brewer of Brooklyn, has purchased the thoroughbred stallion, Keene Richards, Jr.

"HANDSOME" DAVIS, a well known sporting man, during the past month won in all \$15,000 from the faro banks of this city.

GEORGE FULLJAMES has an unknown in training who is expected to do some remarkable work with his bare knuckles.

TRICKETT, the Australian oarsman, was recently badly defeated in a race over the Farmatta course, by young Clifford.

PADDY RYAN has offered his services to the Mayor of Chicago in getting up a benefit for the sufferers by the recent floods.

FRED PLAISTED has posted a forfeit of \$250 in Chicago, with a challenge to row Hanlan, at Pullman, Ill. Of course, there will be no match.

JACK HANLEY, the Colorado champion, faced Jimmy Elliott in Omaha, Feb. 9, with the hard gloves. Hanley was not in condition and retired after the first round.

EPH HOLLAND and Hugh Savage, of Cincinnati, were fined \$25 each and costs, Feb. 19, for "exhibiting gaming devices." The men paid their fines promptly.

HOSMER offers to make a match with any working boat rower in New England for \$1,000 a side. It is expected that Lee on his arrival from England will meet Hosmer.

JOHN WILLIAMS, who claims to be the champion swimmer of the world, has arrived in Cincinnati. He is willing to swim any man in the United States five miles for from \$100 to \$500.

PATSY HOGAN, of San Francisco, the ex-light-weight champion, is continuing to acquire wealth and fresh popularity. As a promoter of athletic sports Hogan is an active untiring worker.

ONE of Edward Hanlan's conditions that he insists on in his proposed match with Wallace Ross at Winnipeg, Manitoba, is that a purse of \$1,000 be added by the residents of that place to the stakes.

THE match between the English cricketers, under the captaincy of the Hon. Ivo Bligh and the Australian team, at Sydney, was concluded on Jan. 30 and resulted in a victory for the English eleven by 69 runs.

In the 125-yard foot race at the Recreation Grounds, San Francisco, between Harmon and Gibson, the former won by two feet in 12½ seconds. Patsy Hogan is reported to have won a handsome pot of money on the result.

BILLY FISHER, a middle-weight, and John Jacobs, of Little Britain, fought eight rounds with the bare knuckles at Germantown, Pa., on Feb. 20. Fisher was blinded, and then his second, Dennis Sullivan, threw up the sponge. It was a game fight.

THE Police Athletic Club of Baltimore gave an interesting exhibition in that city on Feb. 22. Geo. Cassidy, Donald Collier, Mace and Slade, Charles Carroll and many other sporting men were present. Great interest is taken in athletic sports in Baltimore.

THE billiard match, 5,000 up, between William Cook, the champion, and William Mitchell, for \$1,000 was concluded at St. James Hall, Regent street, London, on the evening of Feb. 2. The champion was defeated. Score, Mitchell 3,000; Cook 1,311. The play was not brilliant.

A GLOVE match between James Hall and Dan Casey, took place recently at Harry Maynard's Palace, San Francisco. Tom Kelly was referee and declared the match a draw after six rounds. Hamilton, of Vermont, on the same night defeated Soule in a collar and elbow match.

JOE ACTON, who recently competed against Clarence Whistler in a wrestling contest in Madison Square Garden, has been matched against Jas. Hadfield's unknown for \$500 a side, to wrestle catch-as-catch-can, best of three back falls, at Pastime Park, Philadelphia, Pa., on Saturday, 7th of April.

THE 200 yards foot race for \$50 between Samuel Johnson and Henry Barker was decided at Preston Borough Grounds, Eng., on Jan. 27. Johnson was the favorite at 6 to 4, who on a start being effected quickly assumed the lead, and maintained it to the end, winning easily by six yards.

PROF. LAFIN was at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Tuesday last, arranging for a benefit in Madison Square Garden for the Ohio sufferers. He had a list of boxers with him and told George Rooke that he had him down to spar with Gus Lambert. "If you put me down to spar with Mike Cleary I will appear," said Rooke.

THE second match between Miss Annie Oakley and Jack Oates to shoot at 50 glass balls thrown in the air and shot at with a 22 calibre rifle, took place at the Buckingham Theatre, Nashville, Tenn., on Feb. 15, resulting in a victory for Miss Oakley, who broke 46 ball to Oates' 41. Considerable money was bet on the result.

THE Pacific Life of San Francisco, says of Slade: "We have always maintained him to be a very

superior boxer, and a very dangerous man in a contest. We reached the conviction by his boxing with Mace while here. It was only too evident to a competent judge, that whenever he forced matters he had Mace at disadvantage."

THE sale of trotting stock belonging to Messrs. N. W. Kittson, H. W. Wilson, O. A. Gilman, T. J. Megibben and M. L. Hare is reported. Sixty-one head sold at an average of \$375. Martha W. was sold for \$2,050; Holstein, \$1,500; Ethan Wilkes (three years) \$1,100; a yearling Wilkes, \$1,500, and two Mambrino Wilkes for \$1,100 each.

S. D. SMITH of Cassopolis, Mich., writes us that he will back himself to eat three quails daily for thirty consecutive days. Quail eaters are becoming so numerous that the birds will soon become as costly as an old Roman's dish of nightingale tongues. Adam Stenhouse, of Philadelphia, wants to be matched to eat ninety quails "inside of 45 days."

A GRADUATE of Cambridge University, who pulled an ear in one of the winning eights, is to take the rectorship of St. George's Church, this city. He stands 6 feet four in his stockings, is well proportioned and is said to be able to hold his own against all comers of his cloth. He is as strong intellectually as physically. Dr. Talmage will please make a note of this.

ON the evening of Feb. 16 a collar-and-elbow match for a purse of \$100 took place at Nassau, N. H., between Enoch Major and John O'Grady, under POLICE GAZETTE rules. A. Vining, referee. Major won first and second falls in 1h. 16 u. On the 17th J. Jones of Nashua defeated P. J. Griffin of East Boston in a collar-and-elbow contest for a purse of \$100. Jones won the first and second falls in 2h. 10m.

THE following appeared in the Baltimore American on Feb. 21: "Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, states that as the Police Athletic Club of Baltimore believe they have the police champion wrestler in Mr. John Doyle, if the latter will wrestle Quigley, the champion of the Municipal Police force, that he will offer a \$200 champion medal for Doyle and Quigley to wrestle for."

BILLY MADDEN of New York, on the occasion of the grand assault at arms on Jan. 30th at Manchester, publicly presented Tug Wilson and Wm. Sheriff (alias Prussian) with handsome gold medals, of special design, and in making the presentation Madden highly complimented the two Leicester pugilists. There are some compliments waiting for Tug on this side of the water which he might not relish.

OSCAR MATTHEWS of Lawrence, Mass., height 5 feet, weight 110 pounds, age 19, accomplished a remarkable feat recently. He put up a 50 pound dumb-bell 43 times in succession, lifting the bell from the floor with one hand to the shoulder, then pressing it up to arm's length. He has also raised a 100 weight 10 times in the same manner. Taking into account the light weight of this young man the performance is certainly astonishing.

LETTERS are lying at this office for the following: Mark Maguire, John Adams, Steve Taylor, Harry Monroe, (champion swimmer), Lizzie Sprague, Wm. McLafferty, Dick Garvin, Wm. Muldoon, E. M. Hackett, Joe Cuburn, Daniel F. Twomey, Gus Cammyner, John L. Sullivan (3), Duncan C. Ross (4), Donald Dinnie, John Hughes, James Carlin, Bob Farrell, Henry W. Taylor, James Elliott, John H. Clark, Frank Rose, Tom McAlpine.

AN exciting running race for dogs, made between the sportspersons of De Witt and Beatrice, Neb., came off on Feb. 17. De Witt showed five greyhounds, Beatrice thirteen greyhounds, two bull dogs, five mongrels, owned principally by Eugene Mack. Jack rabbits were the game run. The De Witt dogs displayed superior endurance and speed and consequently won. The Beatrice sports took their defeat with good grace after Dr. C. E. Elder's consolatory remarks.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 14, a champion bowling match was played at Colonel Myer's Alley, 302 Bowery, New York City, between H. Kohlsdorf, the champion bowler, president of the Spartan Bowling Club and George Feldhusen, of the Excelsior Club. The match was for \$50 a side, fifty balls, head pin game, and resulted in the champion being defeated. The following is the score: Kohlsdorf, 410, Feldhusen, 440. In the second 25 balls, Feldhusen scored 240 out of a possible 250.

DUNCAN C. ROSS, the POLICE GAZETTE champion athlete, met Theodore Bauer in a Græco-Roman match for the championship of the world, at the Fair Grounds, Jacksonville, Fla., Feb. 17. Bauer won the first fall in 22 minutes. In the second bout Ross threw Bauer so heavily that the latter's arm was badly hurt. Bauer failed to come to time for the third bout and Ross was declared the winner. When Ross wrestles he looks for no favors and gives none. He does not believe in hipodroming.

A GENTLEMAN in England will match an unknown to walk any man in the world any distance, level, from one to four hours, for any sum up to \$1,000 or he will give any man, bar Meagher, 300 yards' start in three hours. The unknown can risk be matched to beat any record from one to four hours for any sum over \$250 a side. It is to be hoped that some of the champions will make one of these matches at once, as he shortly intends coming to America to make a match with Meagher, after which he will go to Australia.

THE following sporting men called at the new POLICE GAZETTE offices during the week: Jim Patterson, Donald Dinnie, Jim Mace, Herbert A. Slade, Duncan C. Ross, Frank Stevenson, John McMahon, Henry Woodson, Mike Donovan, Joe Coburn, Geo. D. Noremac, Park Birmingham, Hartford, Conn.; James Cooney, Andy Kelly, Prof. Wm. Clark, Dan Doherty, Joe Fowler, Frank Wilson, Funny Cooke, Gus Lambert, Mark Maguire, A. R. Ramsey, dumb-bell lifter, Cleveland, O., Capt. James C. Daly.

JOHN O'BRIEN, of South Pueblo, was declared the winner in a match for the POLICE GAZETTE light-weight medal. His antagonist was John M. Murphy, of the Boston Athletic Club, who is known to the country as an expert club-swinging. But six rounds were sparred. O'Brien having the better of the contest from his equal skill and superior weight. Owing to mismanagement combined with "wind," it was almost midnight when the men were called out. Peter Clark and John P. Clow gave a friendly set-to in the beginning of the evening.

MIKE GOLDSMITH, manager of the Globe Theatre, Leadville, Colo., has ordered a medal at an outlay of \$150 which will be contested for by the amateur

light-weight boxers of Leadville on the same principle as that by which the POLICE GAZETTE middle-weight trophy is now being made a bone of contention. The medal will be for Leadville light-weights only and the contestant scientific enough to win it three times is entitled to hold it permanently, without being obliged to accept further challenges. This medal will also entitle the holder to the title of light-weight champion of Leadville.

MULDOON'S and Bibby's performances in St. Louis continue to excite unfavorable comment of the western press. The wrestlers are charged with hipodroming. The charges may or may not be true, but still appearances are against the men named. Muldoon declared that he could not throw Bibby because he, Muldoon, was suffering from a painful scratch on the breast. The excuse is puerile. It is about time to put an end to hipodroming exhibitions, and participants in them may expect from the POLICE GAZETTE the castigation they deserve.

PHILADELPHIA will be the scene of a grand bicycle tournament on Saturday, March 10. Industrial Hall, corner of Wood and Broad street, has been secured and the following events are to be decided: 25 mile race, purse \$250, between W. M. Woodside, champion of Ireland, and W. J. Morgan, champion of Canada; 5 mile amateur handicap sanctioned by the L. A. W.; 5 mile exhibition by Miss Maggie Wallace, this being her first appearance, and fancy riding. We understand Morgan and Woodside are hard at work and should they come to the post in condition a great race is sure to result. All the cracks will participate in the amateur event, for which very handsome gold and silver medals are offered. The affair is under the management of Samuel A. Miles of Philadelphia.

MIKE CLEARY, the clever pugilist, and John H. Clark, of Philadelphia, were tendered a complimentary benefit at Ferguson's Academy of Music, Shenandoah, Pa., on the 14th inst. About 1,000 people witnessed the exhibition, which opened with a lively set-to between Miss Alice Jennings, the female champion boxer and winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal, and Eddie O'Brien. Charley McCoy, winner of the POLICE GAZETTE medal three times, offered \$50 to any light-weight of Shenandoah, who would spar him four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules. Topsey Taylor accepted McCoy's challenge, they fought two rounds, when Topsey concluded he had faced the music long enough, and left the field, minus the \$50. Then followed a catch-as-catch-can wrestling match for \$25, between Eddie O'Brien and W. W. Lewis' Unknown, which was won by the Unknown. The grand wind-up between Mike Cleary and James Ryan was a fine exhibition of the manly art.

THE first tennis tournament ever held in New York took place in this city on Feb. 22. Three prizes were offered, and the entrance fee was \$5. There were forty entries. Among the clubs represented were the Pioneer, the St. George's, the Albion, the Brooklyn and the Yonkers. As often as a game was played the losing pair were to withdraw from the contest. After two full series of games had been played, the five winning pairs who remained in the contest were Messrs. Thorne and Richards, Wickham and Johnston, F. and W. De Billier, H. W. and R. W. De Forest, and Hynes and Bucknall. Thorne and Richards then defeated Wickham and Johnston and the De Billier brothers defeated the De Forests, while Hynes and Bucknall, having won a "bye," rested on their oars. The race for the first honors were now between Thorne and Richards, of the Pioneer Club, and the De Billier brothers, of the Yonkers Club. But as it was five o'clock and getting dark, the Yonkers young men preferred to yield the palm to the pioneers rather than play another match by gaslight. They had been playing almost without interruption since the beginning at 9.35 A. M., and were tired out. They were declared the winners of the second prize, and the third prize went to Messrs. Hynes and Bucknall, of the St. George's Club.

THE long talked of contest of skill between Dr. Carver and Bogardus took place at Louisville, Ky., on the anniversary of Washington's Birthday. There were seven or eight hundred people present, the match being shot on the grounds of the Jockey club. Carver won by one bird and was congratulated by Bogardus. The terms of the match were 100 birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards' boundary. Bogardus' second bird fell dead forty yards outside the boundary. Carver missed his fifteenth and sixteenth and Bogardus letting his nineteenth get away made the score a tie. Carver fell behind on the twentieth bird with a miss. The first twenty birds were shot in twenty-five minutes. When the fiftieth bird was reached the score was a tie, each having killed 43. At the seventy-fifth Bogardus had scored 64 and Carver 61. From the seventy-fifth to the ninetieth Carver gained 3 and again tied Bogardus. At the ninety-sixth bird Bogardus missed and Carver without a miss ran out, the winner by one bird. The score stood, Carver 83; Bogardus, 82. Time of the shoot two hours and forty minutes. There was not a single appeal made throughout the match. Carver's stakes and gate money foot up over \$1,500. At night the men signed articles to shoot another match under the same conditions at Chicago, March 3, 1883.

WHEN James R. Keene removed Foxhall and the remainder of his horses from Wm. Day's stables, indiscreet friends of the American nabob began to abuse the trainer. An alleged sporting paper of this city—*Spirit of the Times*—said that Day had become wealthy through Keene's generosity, and hinted that the celebrated trainer had done some crooked work. Day writes to the *Sporting Life*, London: "Mr. Keene never gave me or any of my family a farthing, or any larger sum, though many think he has presented me and the other trainer who trained for him with a magnificent fortune. Whatever he may have done for others, this is totally inaccurate as regards myself." Day calls attention to the fact that Keene's horses have been changed from stable to stable without proper cause, so he intimates. He closes by saying: "Mr. Mannington, a veterinary surgeon of eminence, well versed in all that relates to the ailments of racehorses, bears me out in the reply I made to the American trainer, Mr. Hannigan, that in truth there was nothing amiss with Foxhall's feet, and though he had a very slight enlargement on the near fore joint on the outside, he was in every respect sound. The public here, and probably in America, would like to know why he did not run for either the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire this year, after having been heavily backed by them for both. I can only say that there was no cause for it in the health of the horse. Mr. Keene alone knows the cause, and can explain if he pleases."

A GENEROUS ACT IN A NAUGHTY WORLD.
A New York City correspondent sends the following, which is published by his request: The integrity of the financial corporations at our gr. at money centers is undoubted, but it is generally presumed that they act only upon strict construction of their duty and not going beyond to any extent, no matter what principle of policy is determined by law may be advanced to move them in their official action. It is a gratifying thing to note a marked exception to this in the case of the New York City, which, while it is not heralded forth as a blazoned advertisement, is highly creditable to the wealth and power of the corporation which is the active spirit of benevolence in the matter, and must be so regarded by all who hear of it. The facts are set forth and established beyond doubt or cavil. A lady of high respectability, residing on Seventy-sixth street in the city of New York, forwarded on the 1st of August, 1881, one dollar by mail to M. A. Daughlin, at New Orleans, La., to purchase a half of a two-dollar ticket in the grand monthly distribution of the Louisiana State Lottery for August. The lady in question did not receive any response to her letter, and addressed an inquiry, which she was informed by return of mail that a half of ticket No. 35,818 had been mailed to her in due time. She never received it, but, fearing the letter of information, waited the day of drawing, August 9, when, shortly afterward, she saw in the papers that the ticket No. 35,818 had drawn \$10,000, and to one-half of which, or \$5,000, her half ticket was entitled if she had received it. She was a wise woman, and did not want to be a respectable lawyer, who advised her to telegraph a caveat to New Orleans against paying the money to any one without her consent, and then to draw up her statement of the facts, which were sworn to by her and sent to M. A. Daughlin, at New Orleans, La. The clerk of the company informed her that her caveat was duly filed, and that unless they were compelled by legal process to pay it elsewhere they would read her as entitled to its ownership and at the end of the time that a demand could be enforced (a twenty-monthly delay) they would pay the whole sum, without any deduction, on her filing an indemnity bond as a matter of form. This was all done and at the end of a year she drew her \$5,000 in gold and deposited it in a savings bank. The good the money did was uncountable. The lady was a former resident of New Orleans and her husband was actively engaged in a profitable business in that city and was well known to all the residents there. Misfortune overtook him and he felt obliged to leave the city. His widow saw her little fortune gradually disappear and kept out her existence by letting furnished lodgings and going out as a nurse to invalid gentlemen. Her only son was taken sick with consumption and his sole support was dependent upon her exertions. Her furniture was made the basis of a chattel mortgage of \$350 and the money was called for and the furniture was held for sale when the money was promised her. She now is comfortable and free from fear of want in her declining years. Now this may be called a cautious piece of generosity in these later days of selfishness and greed. Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. d. J. 20, 1883.

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